

The Chicago Jewish

FORUM

A National Quarterly

In This Issue...

Summer • 1959

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A Negro College in the South Bryllion Fagin

Job Discrimination in Chicago William Karp

The Problems and Policies of the
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THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM



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Charles Angoff

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Martin Hall

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The Struggle for Yiddish in Israel

By LEO HEIMAN

ISRAEL HAS FOUR YIDDISH THEATERS, seven Yiddish daily, weekly, and monthly papers, and at least 300,000 citizens who speak Yiddish in their homes. Yet the Yiddish language enjoys a status much lower than Arabic or French, not to speak of English or German, and it is easier to find a book in ancient Greek or Japanese than works of Yiddish literature printed in Yiddish. They have all been translated into Hebrew and no Yiddish editions of the greatest works of Sholom Aleichem or Peretz are currently available. Why is this so? Why do Israelis, even sabras of the fifth generation whose mother tongue is a juicy Hebrew, enjoy speaking Yiddish in the privacy of their homes but are ashamed to speak the language on the street or in the office? Why is it a shame to read a Yiddish book, but a matter of good taste to read a French one, and a matter of very great snob value to read an English one? Why should Yiddish, a great and flowery language of millions of Jews, be regarded as worse than some Moroccan-Arabic or Persian-Kurdish dialects? Why is the word "Yiddish bastard" the worst curse in any quarrel between sabra boys of European and Oriental descent? Why should this be so, and why is it so?

At the end of the Second World War, the Jewish nation lost at least five million people whose mother tongue was Yiddish. Their destruction by the Germans left its impact on the post-war development of the Yiddish language which was in danger of disappearing. In Russia, all Yiddish cultural institutions, theaters, books, papers, and the like were banned, and linguistic-cultural assimilation was imposed by the Kremlin upon Russia's Jewry, most of whose young people do not know any Yiddish now. In the United States, assimilation has also made its inroads upon the linguistic attachments of the American Jews. And in Israel,

the revitalized Hebrew language did not suffer any serious competition; and since Yiddish was, and still is, Hebrew's biggest competitor, it was suppressed by all fair and unfair means.

Despite all this, no Israeli comedians performing in Hebrew draw crowds of sabras half as big as Dzigan and Schumacher performing in Yiddish. Despite enforced and natural assimilations abroad and artificial suppression in Israel, Yiddish has remained one of the most vital languages in the world. Even the Arabs of Israel have learned to employ Yiddish words, phrases, oaths, and expressions in their every-day language. While few, if any, native-born Israelis, or even foreign-born people who grew up in Israel, know how to read and write Yiddish, everybody in Israel, including immigrants from Arab-speaking countries, seems to understand the language, which is the lingua franca between the Arab green-grocers of Nazareth and the new Jewish immigrants from Rumania or Poland who have not learned any Hebrew yet.

Despite his life-long record of suppressing Yiddish in favor of Hebrew, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion speaks in Yiddish when addressing delegates to international Zionist or Jewish conferences held in Israel. If he speaks in Hebrew, only Israeli delegates will understand him. If he employs English, only delegates from the United States, Canada, Britain, South Africa, and Australia will know what he says. If he speaks in French, his words will fall upon the ears of delegates from France, Algeria, Belgium, Tunisia, and Morocco. And if he addresses them in Spanish, which he also knows, he will make himself understood only to the Jews of Argentina, Mexico, Chile, and other Latin-American countries. But if he speaks in Yiddish, everybody understands what he says,

including the delegates from Holland, Denmark, Trinidad, Ireland, and Bolivia.

In this respect, there is no other language in the world today that can replace Yiddish as an international medium of Jewish communication. Mr. Ben-Gurion knows it and, fortunately, his Yiddish is polished and flowery, spoken with the ease of a natural mother-tongue, which it was to Mr. Ben-Gurion before he arrived in Palestine 52 years ago at the age of 21. But how will the future Israel-born generation of Israeli leaders and statesmen communicate with their brothers all over the world when the Yiddish they know is confined to some popular jokes and slang, and when the only other language, apart from Hebrew, which they know is some archaic kind of rusty English which was taught in Continental schools sixty years ago, and which the Israeli schools persist in teaching nowadays.

It is clear that Hebrew will never be able to take over the international-Jewish role of Yiddish, because few people outside the State of Israel speak Hebrew. Nor can English be used for such international-Jewish communication, because the Jews of Russia, North Africa, France, Persia, and Latin America do not understand it. The same goes for French, Spanish, or Russian. Each language is spoken by millions of Jews who understand each other only in Yiddish. This being so, it would be logical for Israel to foster Yiddish and save it from disappearing, especially since Israel aspires to undisputed leadership and supremacy of the entire Jewish world, and such leadership would be impossible without a common language.

Nor has Hebrew any reason to fear competition from Yiddish. Only Hebrew is taught in schools, colleges, and universities and only Hebrew is spoken in all offices, army units and factories, villages, and plants. Hebrew won the battle for linguistic supremacy in Palestine and it could afford now to be more magnanimous and kind-hearted to its main Yiddish competitor, seeing that it is in Israel's own interests to foster Yiddish now.

But Yiddish is still an offensive word in

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Israel. People love it, but are ashamed of it. The battle against Yiddish in Palestine commenced on a pleasant summer day of 1913, when Tel-Aviv was still a city of two streets and sixty houses, huddled against one of the suburbs of Jaffa. Tel-Aviv's first Hebrew school, the famed Herzlia Gymnasium, taught all subjects in Hebrew, but a number of Jewish teachers from Poland and Russia opened a rival school in nearby Jaffa and taught everything in Yiddish. Since they turned out to be better teachers and also because they took lower tuition fees, many Tel-Avivian and Jaffa Jewish parents sent their sons and daughters to the Yiddish school. The Hebrew language was in mortal danger. It was touch and go as to which school would survive and the one which survives will certainly dictate the future linguistic development of Jewish Palestine. That much is clear.

It is also clear now that the action of the first defenders of the Hebrew language was justified at that time. A number of people who feared that their newly-reborn Hebrew would be smothered by powerful Yiddish organized the Gdud Maginey Ha-Lashon (Battalion of the Defenders of the Language), which was a secret underground organization aimed to combat and eradicate Yiddish in Jewish Palestine. Justifying this organization's strong-arm actions, which included shootings and bombings, one of the top Israeli leaders said recently that the State of Israel could not have been born without supremacy of Hebrew. Yiddish was a language of the white Jews, of European descent, but if Israel was to be the in-gathering center and melting pot of Jews from the Yemen, Morocco, India, Persia, Turkey, Greece, Algeria, Tunisia, Ethiopia, Egypt, and Syria as well, the white European Jews had to have a common language with their dark-skinned brothers. Otherwise, the State could not be created. This is a practical consideration, the Israeli leader concluded, quite apart from the emotional consideration of Hebrew's historical, religious, and psychological value. Yiddish was a language of the diaspora, of exile, oppression, ghetto,

submission, dispersion and slavery, while Hebrew was the language of freedom, independence, glory, statehood, sovereignty, military valor, and victory. "We need Yiddish as we need a millstone around our necks; if foreign Jews want to understand us, let them learn Hebrew," the Israeli political leader stated, but he said it in Yiddish. Much of what he said is true, and the reasons for Hebrew's necessary supremacy over Yiddish are certainly as valid now as they were years ago. But it does not explain the blind enmity, fear, and in some instances hatred of the language of Sholom Aleichem, Peretz, and Mendele.

To return to Jaffa-Tel Aviv in the year 1913, the secret anti-Yiddish organization known as "Battalion of the Defenders of the Language" sent threatening letters to the Yiddish teachers, asking them to switch over to Hebrew—or else. The teachers who refused to heed the initial warning were stopped on the street at night and beaten. The fronts of their houses were painted over in tar, with huge Hebrew letters forming the word "Boged" (Traitor); and when they persisted in teaching in Yiddish, shots were fired in their direction after dusk by "a person or persons unknown," in the words of the official Turkish police report found in the Tel-Aviv Municipal Archives on the occasion of the city's current fiftieth birthday celebrations. This helped, and the Jaffa schools closed down. The Yiddish-teaching teachers could not switch over to Hebrew because they did not know the language; but they found themselves out of business and had to learn Hebrew the hard way, carrying stones and gravel to build Tel-Aviv's two additional Hebrew schools.

A few weeks after the nocturnal shooting in the direction of Yiddish-teaching educators, the well-known American advocate of Yiddish, Dr. Zhitlovsky, arrived in Tel-Aviv to propagate his pro-Yiddish ideas and theories. Dr. Zhitlovsky pitched his considerable forces of influence and intellect against the "Battalion of the Defenders of the Language." "Yiddish is an international language; it is foolish and stupid to believe that

Hebrew could ever replace Yiddish, not only abroad, but even here in Eretz-Israel . . .", he boomed in his sonorous voice of a trained public orator in the main square of Tel-Aviv. But before he could go on with his speech, he was drenched in dirty water poured on his head from surrounding roof-tops. To prevent such indignities in the future, the American Dr. Zhitlovsky sought to hire one of Tel-Aviv's lecture halls, or big rooms in private buildings, but any owners who considered the possibility of accepting a big wad of American dollars offered by Zhitlovsky for the use of a hall on a few consecutive nights were warned by the underground, anti-Yiddish organization to stay away from the American Yiddishist—or else. Finally, Zhitlovsky rented the hall of Cafe Lorenz, situated on the border between Jaffa and Tel-Aviv (today the old building houses the Soldiers Welfare Committee for the Tel-Aviv District) and advertised a whole series of lectures on the subject of "Why Is Yiddish Better Than Hebrew." The main hall and balconies of Cafe Lorenz were packed with advocates of Yiddish, eager to drink up every single word Zhitlovsky said, but the American lecturer did not arrive. What happened was that a few dozen Herzlia Gymnasium students, armed with sticks, stones, and iron bars, were organized and directed by the underground "Battalion" to lay siege to the house where Dr. Zhitlovsky was staying. They prevented him from leaving his apartment. In the meantime, someone warned the pro-Yiddish public in Cafe Lorenz of what was happening in Tel-Aviv. Zhitlovsky's fans armed themselves with sticks, knives, and lengths of water pipes and ran out to break the siege. Both groups met and clashed in a bloody battle in which dozens were injured. Finally, the Mayor of Tel-Aviv called in a company of Turkish Police which dispersed the brawling free-for-all Jews by firing several volleys into the air. But the local Turkish police commander forbade Zhitlovsky to lecture since he was disturbing the peace and committing a breach of law and order. . . . Consequently, the embittered American lecturer packed his bags and re-

turned to New York the next day, swearing never to set foot again in Tel-Aviv.

These first clashes, serious though they were, were child's play compared to the activities of the "Battalion of the Defenders of the Language" after the First World War, when the first mass-immigration waves from Yiddish-speaking Eastern Europe deposited their pioneers, as well as sundry flotsam and jetsam, on the sandy shores of Eretz Israel. Tel-Aviv grew by giant leaps and bounds, but in the 1920's only five per cent of its citizens, possibly even less, spoke Hebrew in their homes. The new immigrants spoke Polish, Russian, Rumanian, Hungarian, and German, and, of course, Yiddish, but no one spoke Hebrew or evidenced any desire to learn it. The citizens of Tel-Aviv read newspapers and magazines in all European languages, but Hebrew newspapers and magazines were forced out of business by lack of readers, and the same applied to books, of course, even to a greater degree. Entertainers, actors, and torch-singers who performed in Hebrew went hungry, while those who performed in Yiddish, Russian, Polish, Rumanian, French, Hungarian, German, or even the Gypsy dialect earned their bread and butter easily enough. To add insult to injury, shop-owners, producers, and store-keepers advertised their wares and services, as well as their places of business, in any language but Hebrew. Public lectures, theatrical performances, advertising campaigns, and other media of mass information were using Yiddish only. Public institutions and firms, officers, and businesses were forced to carry out their correspondence in Yiddish. Yiddish-writing secretaries and stenographers were hired on the spot, while their Hebrew-writing sisters had to pick stones off the fields for a living. Zionist leaders had to address their audiences in Yiddish if they wanted to make themselves understood.

Clearly, the Hebrew language was in mortal danger once again, and the dedicated, if fanatical, volunteers who comprised the anti-Yiddish "Battalion" decided that time had arrived for some strong-arm action. "Most of our volunteers were Hebrew sec-

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ondary school students, aged 15 to 20," reminisces Dr. Jacob Galili, a well-known Tel-Aviv lawyer, who commanded the "Battalion" in 1923. The "Battalion's" operations were financed by one of the directors of the big Anglo-Palestine Bank, Isaac Goldberg, who declared that the victory of Yiddish was tantamount to the defeat of Zionism. Shock troops of youths and students cracked down on all shops, theaters, stores, and kiosks which advertised themselves or their goods in Yiddish or any other language than Hebrew. Any sign, shingle, or billboard not in Hebrew was destroyed on the spot. Where destruction was impossible because of the size and weight of the object, the offensive letters were smeared over with black tar. For good measure, the shock troops of the "Battalion" used to paint over the fronts and plate-glass windows of all Yiddish-using shops and offices with their slogan: "The Language of Jews is Hebrew and You are a Traitor to your Nation."

This was only a modest beginning. Shopkeepers and business men, whose losses amounted to thousands of pounds, saw the writing on the wall figuratively and literally and changed over to Hebrew advertising and name-displays in a hurry. Street-hawkers who hawked or advertised their wares in Yiddish found their carts turned over and their goods spilled in the gutter. If they resisted, they were beaten. Some people called it "hooliganism," but the students who did it answered that all means are "kosher" to achieve the sacred aim of re-establishing Hebrew in its place in Palestine.

The next step was to stop the people from speaking Yiddish or any other foreign language on the streets. People conversing in Yiddish had ink bottles poured over their clothes, and if they resisted they were frequently slapped and beaten. It was then that Yiddish disappeared from the streets, to be spoken freely in the privacy of homes and apartments only, and it was then that Yiddish became an offensive word. Actually, more people speak Yiddish on the streets of Tel-Aviv now than after the "Battalion's" first operations thirty-five years ago; and Yid-

dish newspapers enjoy a bigger circulation in Israel than many Hebrew ones. But people are still ashamed of Yiddish, as if there were some stigma attached to it.

While the "anti-Yiddish terror," as it was called by the Yiddishists, was at its peak, a Yiddish theatrical troupe staged Sholom Aleichem's "Yente Telepente" in Tel-Aviv. The tickets to all performances were sold out in advance, but the SRO audience was in for a bitter disappointment. A hail of rotten eggs, stink bombs, ink bottles, and stones chased the actors off the stage as soon as the curtain rose on "Yente Telepente." Finally, a special assault squad of students broke through behind the stage, tore down the decorations and the electrical wires, and wrecked the whole scenery. The students ran away before the police arrived on the scene, and the Yiddish actors had to pack up and leave without saying even one word of "Yente Telepente's" funny dialogue.

The underground "Battalion" operated with success till 1936, when the Nazi-financed and British-tolerated Arab Revolt threatened to wipe out not only the Hebrew language, but the entire Jewish Community of Palestine as well. Veteran and junior members of the anti-Yiddish organizations joined the Haganah military underground and people could greet each other in Yiddish on the street. By that time, however, Yiddish had already lost its struggle against Hebrew.

Today it is quite fashionable in certain Israeli military circles to exchange greetings in Yiddish or to use Yiddish slang and dialect. Non-Yiddish-speaking immigrants from Afro-Asian countries allege that one must speak Yiddish to get along in present-day Israel. There is some truth in this, because all top positions in the administration, political parties, government, labor unions, business, commerce, and industry are occupied by old-time Zionist veterans, themselves for the most part born in Eastern Europe or of East European descent. The knowledge of Yiddish is their private trademark by which they distinguish themselves from the masses of Orientals, newcomers, and young sabras.

It is true that if you can speak Yiddish to those higher-up, in the privacy of their own offices, of course, you are likely to get along better than if you spoke only Hebrew, especially with an Oriental accent. But you cannot advance much if you do not know Hebrew, because such an official will answer you in Yiddish only if he is satisfied that your Hebrew is just as good and as fluent as his own, and that you are thus one of his own people.

To sum up, Yiddish has shown an amazing and truly great vitality in Israel, despite all persecutions and reprisals. It still survives as a popularly-spoken language, but its survival as a written language is questionable. There are no Yiddish books published in Israel, except some pornographic dime novels, and the now prosperous Yiddish newspapers and magazines will certainly fold up as soon as the current mass migration of Yiddish-speaking Jews from Eastern Europe gives way to the future generations of Israeli-born sabras. Yiddish, however, will still survive in single words, popular and colloquial expressions, oaths, jokes, anecdotes, and even in private conversations; but its decline and ultimate extinction in the Jewish State are certain; and although this may be a necessary and inevitable historical process, it is regrettable.

TIME

CHARLES ANCOFF

Time is
The echo
Of infinity.

Time is
The sorrow
Of all history.

Time is
The lingering doubt
In every smile
And the chill flutter
In every kiss.

Time is
The only
Immortality.

A Negro College in the South

By BRYLLION FAGIN

THERE ARE MANY MANSIONS in American higher education. There is Harvard, where I began my graduate work; and Johns Hopkins, where I finished it and remained to teach for over twenty-five years; and there is LeMoyne, a small Negro college, where I am this year holding a Whitney Foundation visiting professorship in English. But I'd better begin at the beginning.

LeMoyne College is located in Memphis, Tennessee, across the Mississippi River from the sovereign state of Arkansas and only several miles north of the equally sovereign state of Mississippi. Just before going to Memphis I spent the months of July and August in Europe conducting a seminar in the American drama at the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies, and my students, young intellectuals from sixteen European nations, riddled me with questions about the sensational news from Arkansas, so that I found myself digressing from drama written by American playwrights for production in the theaters of the world to the real life drama being enacted just then by other Americans in Arkansas. As a representative of American culture and its best advertised attribute, democracy, I found myself uncomfortable and apologetic; and when in the fall I drove to Tennessee I was more than uncomfortable; I was, to put it mildly, perturbed.

My wife and I reached Memphis in the late afternoon on September 11 and began to inquire just where in the city LeMoyne was situated. We had been told in a letter that a furnished cottage on the campus would be at our disposal, but where was the campus? No one, neither white nor Negro, seemed to know. This should not have disturbed me; in thirty years of association with

the Johns Hopkins University I sometimes ran into native Baltimoreans who did not know where it was situated. Taxicab drivers whom I carelessly asked to take me to the "Johns Hopkins" took me to the hospital bearing that name in the downtown part of Baltimore. This seems to be the fate of higher education in America. Everybody knows the location of hospitals, police stations, jails, theaters, radio stations, and even museums, but the whereabouts of colleges and universities is known to only a small percentage of the good citizens of any large city. But the answers to my inquiries about LeMoyne did disturb me. They were somehow evasive, cautious, as if my questions were impertinent or indiscreet. I finally found a Negro mechanic in a garage, who happened to be all alone at the time, and he gave me clear and precise directions to the college on the south side of the city.

Later I learned that this pattern of caution is of recent origin, since the conflict over integration in the public schools has become a painful issue in politics, education, and social life. Before 1954 no one would have suspected a stranger inquiring about a Negro college of possibly being a "troublemaker," perhaps an agent of the NAACP. LeMoyne, in particular, has been part of the cultural picture of Memphis and the Mid-South for almost ninety years and has been looked upon with approval and respect by both the white and Negro communities. Since its founding by the American Missionary Association in 1870 as the LeMoyne Normal and Commercial School it has pioneered in higher education for Negroes in a section of the country where education in general, and on any level, has to fight opposition and apathy. Even at this moment the Tennessee Education Association is basing

its plea to the 1959 legislature for increased funds for education on the lamentable fact that Tennessee ranks next to the bottom—above only Mississippi—among the South-eastern States in its total spending per pupil, although it ranks in the middle of the same group of states in its average income per person. The survival of LeMoyne through all these decades in an atmosphere of indifference and hostility has been a heroic achievement, and its history is a tribute not only to the American Missionary Association of the Congregational Christian Church, which still supplies the main financial support for the college, but also to the hundreds of educators, white and Negro, who have courageously and unselfishly served as administrators and faculty members of an institution which has never been in a position to offer them more than a minimum of economic security.

LeMoyne became a four-year liberal arts college in 1932. The original gift of \$20,000 from Dr. Francis J. LeMoyne, a Pennsylvania physician, may have been a large enough sum in 1870 with which to maintain a modest school in one building with a skeletal faculty of self-sacrificing missionaries, but LeMoyne today is a college occupying a 15-acre tract and using five good-sized buildings and a number of small frame buildings for offices and faculty homes. It has an enrollment of 475 students, a faculty of 23, and, of course, an administrative staff. Its budget last year was \$300,000, a pitifully inadequate sum for the educational job it is obliged to do.

I use the word "obliged" advisedly. It is the only senior college for Negroes in a territory which includes several hundred thousand Negroes. Memphis alone has a population of 500,000, forty per cent of whom are Negroes. Some of the outlying districts have an even larger percentage of Negroes. At one time practically all the teachers and principals for the Negro elementary and secondary schools in Memphis were supplied by LeMoyne; this is no longer true. The school population—and consequently the number of teachers required—

has been growing much more rapidly than LeMoyne has been able to keep pace with. In December, 1958 there were over 96,000 children in the schools of Memphis, one-third of them Negro children. Nevertheless, LeMoyne still supplies 51% of the teachers, and it is obligated to the community it serves to continue to do so, because Memphis, despite its being the fastest growing of the nation's forty-two largest school systems, is also the lowest-paying, and is not likely to attract very many well-trained teachers from distant places.

But are the LeMoyne graduates well-trained? That, of course, is the question, and a most important one at this particular time. The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, which in the past refused to admit Negro schools to membership but merely "approved" them, has now begun to admit them, and it has given LeMoyne until January 1, 1961 to make certain improvements and thus become eligible for membership in the Association. Chief of these improvements are the raising of a minimum endowment fund of \$400,000, and the increasing of the number of holders of the Ph.D. degree on its faculty. This is therefore a crucial time for LeMoyne, a time of self-searching, of valuation and re-valuation, of honest self-facing and courageous examination of its place and function in the rapidly changing educational picture of the South. What then is the answer to the question with which this paragraph began? It is, I believe, a paradoxical "No—but." And the "but" is of considerable importance, not only to LeMoyne but to the future of the whole South and to our American democracy in general.

As an outsider who has only recently come into the LeMoyne "family"—and only for a brief stay—I am impressed with its strenuous efforts to provide a college education to a class of Americans who are infinitely more deserving of it than hundreds of students I have had at Johns Hopkins, New York University, and the University of Rochester. Too often, alas, students come to our colleges and universities merely as a matter of

course: they belong to an economic and social class for whom going to college is as much of a convention as going to a summer or winter resort for a vacation or going to a cocktail party, to the opera, the theater, a concert, or a cotillion. One belongs to a world in which a college education is taken for granted. One is not asked, "Did you go to college?" but "What was your college?" Tuition, in spite of occasional grumbling against rising costs—which is also a convention—is no great matter, be the tuition \$1000 or \$1200 a year. One graduates from a "good" private school or a "good" public school, applies to half a dozen "good" colleges—after an examination of their catalogues and a pleasant visit to their campuses—and one girds himself or herself for four years of happy getting-by. Intellectual curiosity, acquisition of knowledge, enlargement of vision—these are Fourth of July or banquet-speech phrases and do not apply to many students I have known. My colleagues in almost any "good" institution of higher learning have known the same breed of students.

The type of student who comes to LeMoyne is of an entirely different breed, and college means to him a totally different experience. He is not preparing himself merely to float smoothly in the drawing-rooms, clubs, and offices of his class, but to raise himself above his class. It isn't that he is turning his back upon his class, but he knows what it means to live in poverty and ignorance and he is determined to do something about it. The LeMoyne faculty (some of them LeMoyne graduates) and students, hard as they have to work, are active in the NAACP, Urban League, United Negro College Fund, World University Service, and numerous church and charity organizations. It is a completely new experience for me to find in my mail box in the morning a list of students, sometimes long enough to include one-third of the entire school enrollment, who have not been able to meet the monthly or weekly installments of their tuition. These "backsliders" must be sent down to the Dean's office to explain why

they have fallen behind and when they hope to pay up. Obviously the \$330 a year tuition is more of a burden on them than the \$1200 a year which a student has to pay in the universities with which I have been associated. The administration is sympathetic, "soft," but it cannot extend scholarships to everyone, nor is the loan fund sufficient to help everyone. Now that the National Defense Education Act has allotted some funds for student loans the situation may be eased somewhat, but basically nothing of significance will change. The part of the funds which a college like LeMoyne will be able to apply for is pitifully small, and the economic status of the parents of the students will not change—at least not in the immediate future.

There is no denying that the economic condition of the Negro in the South has improved in recent years, but not in proportion to the general improvement in the economic condition of the country, and not enough to offset the increased cost of living. One reason for the excessively large number of LeMoyne graduates going into teaching is that few other professions are open to them. During my first week at the college I attended a meeting of the Negro Chamber of Commerce, a group of small businessmen, professionals, and artisans, and the topic of the evening was the problem of securing accreditation of Negroes as registered plumbers. A few LeMoyne graduates have been able to go into the post office, into insurance, into the ministry, and into nursing (the first group of nine Negro nurses to graduate in the State of Tennessee received their certificates at the E. H. Crump Hospital in 1958), and a few have gone up North to graduate schools, usually on scholarships, and thence into the learned professions; but for the majority the only outlet is the public school system, which is crying out for more—and better—teachers. Ay, there's the rub! LeMoyne, in the present educational crisis, does a brave job, but it is not producing the "better" teachers the schools of the South, and especially the Negro schools, need.

And so we are back again to the "No—but" as an answer to the question of how good an educational job LeMoyne does. Some of the deficiencies must be ascribed to the segregation system rather than to LeMoyne. The phrase "separate but equal" is in most parts of the deep South only a fiction. Memphis high schools provide but a poor preparation for college work. There is, for instance, no course in French in any school. There is no separate vocational school. There is not one trained librarian employed in any school. Members of the LeMoyne English faculty are obliged to conduct special clinics in elementary English to enable their students to read their assignments intelligently and to write a readable examination paper. Of course, we have been told that Johnny everywhere in the country can't read very well, but the Negro Johnny in this region deserves sympathy rather than blame. He is the victim of a careless, antiquated system of public education. And he has no home environment to mitigate his ignorance. The parents of the average LeMoyne student are poor, uneducated working people; their home is bookless and magazineless; they make stupendous sacrifices to help their children secure an education, but they cannot help them with their lessons, provide them with cultural artifacts, or serve as exemplars of cultivated speech or taste. These children bring with them to college much of the bad English of their home and playground environment—spelling, grammar, vocabulary, enunciation, pronunciation—which their years of elementary and secondary schooling have not touched.

The burden imposed upon a very small English department of teaching the elements of language, or upon a small science staff of teaching elementary mathematics, is a severe handicap to the college. Equally severe is the handicap imposed upon the college by the community. How can one teach drama to students who have never seen a live play? There is not a theatre in Memphis, professional or amateur, that will admit Negroes. Both Memphis State University and Southwestern have departments

of speech and drama which put on respectable productions but Negro spectators are excluded, and the two community little theaters follow the same rule. Nor are the other cultural agencies of any help. I recommended to a class that they borrow from the public library a recording of T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* and was informed that this recording can only be obtained on the "white" side of the library. At this writing a case is pending in Federal Court, instituted by a member of the Negro Tri-State Bank, charging that the main branch of the Memphis public library has failed to serve him solely because of his color. The suit has been pending since 1957.

There is nothing that LeMoyne can do about the evils of segregation or about the economic condition of the class from which it draws its students. But it could improve its plant and its staff to make its educational program more effective—if it had the necessary funds. It could—and must—build an adequate library, so that the students need not depend upon the good-will of the public library. It could—and must—enlarge its faculty. The present ratio of students per teacher is 21 to 1, which makes real teaching difficult. The members of the faculty are overworked and have no time to keep up with developments in their respective fields of scholarship, and they certainly cannot hope to do any original research or publication. The college needs foreign language teachers; at present no French or Spanish is being offered, and only one course in German is taught by a member of Southwestern's faculty who makes a pilgrimage to LeMoyne twice a week. The problem of adequate staff has become acute in all colleges in the country, but more so in Negro colleges. For a long time Negro colleges were staffed with white teachers and administrators; few trained Negroes were available. But now the universities of the country graduate enough M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s to supply the demand. The ranks of the old line of teacher imbued with missionary zeal are growing thin; the new Negro professor is well trained and can hold his own in competition; but he

is not much of a missionary: he wants—and needs—the salary state colleges and the better endowed Negro universities are prepared to offer. Without additional funds LeMoyne cannot hope to attract and hold the kind of faculty it needs.

There has been talk of building a dormitory for non-resident students, who are likely to come from an economically more solvent class and help create an atmosphere of college life, in itself an enriching experience, especially for the type of student LeMoyne seeks to educate. President Hollis F. Price is opposed to the idea—for the present. He feels, and rightly, that before LeMoyne can expand it must strengthen the quality of education it now provides. He has brought in a full-time public relations and alumni secretary to make the needs of the college known. But its total alumni are less than 1100, none of whom are wealthy; nevertheless they have undertaken to raise \$25,000 as their contribution to the new library fund. The contributions of the American Missionary Association—some \$75,000 last year—and the United Negro College Fund—\$32,000 last year—must go toward current expenses, since income from tuition covers less than 50% of operating costs. There is also little hope that the Negro community of Memphis, whom LeMoyne has so faithfully served, will contribute measurably toward the raising of the indispensable endowment fund. Not only are most Negroes in this region economically underprivileged, but those who have risen into the new bourgeoisie have not yet learned to give. Negroes have been on the receiving end throughout their history in America, and they have had no time to cultivate the art of giving—except as neighborly or Christian charity. Moreover, they have been for so long deprived of comforts and luxuries that now when some of them manage to achieve some measure of affluence they are more likely to indulge themselves than to think of the survival of a small college which for almost nine decades has provided them with intellectual leadership.

Nor can the white community of Memphis be depended upon to do much for LeMoyne in its present crisis. The atmosphere of fear and intimidation which has been generated by the integration struggle has impressed even the "liberal" minority with the need for caution. Besides, the queen city of the cotton kingdom is not inclined toward generosity. For two straight years the Shelby County Neighbors campaign—Community Chest in other cities—has fizzled badly, in spite of radio, TV, and newspaper publicity and speeches by the city fathers and community leaders.

And yet, as I begin to envisage my return to my own university—whose budget last year was \$40,000,000—I am sanguine enough about the future of this small college for Negroes in the midst of a hostile world. Somehow it will survive the present crisis, which is part of the general crisis in the human spirit, and will continue to function as an educational institution for the underdog. One of my students has been coming late to my 8:30 class in the modern novel, because he puts in an hour loading trucks in a warehouse before coming to school. He is an intellectually alert young man whose ambition is to go to graduate school. Another student rushes from class to help my wife with her housework; she, too, is preparing herself for advanced study in English. If our democracy is to survive these are the students who must be saved for the cultural leadership of a large segment of our society. Grassroots education is as much a part of our tradition as Ivy League.

In spite of the Faubuses and the White Citizens' Councils, all signs point to the inevitable end of segregation in the South. The American spirit may be temporarily subdued but it is not dead. Not all Americans—white or Negro—have permitted themselves to be intimidated. LeMoyne is only a modest little college of liberal arts in the changing South, but it is one of the achievements of our democratic spirit, and its plight today is both a symptom and an omen of the tensions by which that spirit propels itself.

Job Discrimination in Chicago*

By WILLIAM KARP

SINCE WORLD WAR II, tens of thousands of job opportunities in industry and government have been opened to qualified persons regardless of race, religion, or nationality. Whether Chicago has kept pace with the rest of the country is hard to calculate, but signs indicate that the city lags behind. In any case, there is little doubt that Chicago pays a high price for job discrimination—in terms of dollars alone, perhaps as much as one billion a year. To put the Chicago picture in perspective, we should begin by asking what has happened nationally during the post-war era.

Turning first to skilled and semi-skilled blue-collar occupations, we find that non-whites have held the gains they made during the war. The number of Negro male factory workers, such as drill-press and lathe operators, tripled during 1940-56. At the same time, there was a marked decline in the number working as farmers and farm laborers. Many of these left the land of their forebears to trek north into the big cities.

During the same period the number of Negro men employed as professionals, managers, proprietors, and officials more than doubled. Others employed as clerical workers increased five times. Negro women clerical workers increased ten times.

A study of opportunities for Negroes in engineering was made by Dr. Robert Kiehl of Rutgers University. He found that industrial employers in many states have turned to hiring Negro engineers. These Negro engineers tend to work more in research, design, and development than in production, and they are noticeably absent from sales engineering. About as many of them work in government as in private industry. This represents progress, although Dr. Kiehl con-

cluded that Negro engineers still do not enjoy equal job opportunities with whites.

Civil service jobs for non-whites have opened sharply in federal, state, and city agencies, but largely on lower clerical levels. There is, however, an upward movement into professional, technical, and administrative positions.

Negroes occupy more positions of prestige and power in trade unions than in any other integrated institution. The unions have moved ahead to eliminate discriminatory admission practices. Some bargain collectively for non-discrimination clauses; others use grievance machinery to correct discriminatory practices. A study made last year by the Illinois Commission on Human Relations noted that many minority group members hold high union positions.

Despite the over-all progress made by non-whites, particularly Negroes, there is an interesting side development. That is, many Negro professional, clerical, administrative, and service personnel are employed in and by the Negro community itself. Others work in a more-or-less segregated situation in private industry and in government. Thus, although non-whites are employed in larger numbers in many new fields, they have not been integrated into the work force. Economic factors operate to produce job segregation under somewhat similar conditions as in housing. As non-whites move into certain jobs, white persons leave for better-paying and more prestigious employment which is open to them but closed to non-whites.

Finally, employment opportunities for both Catholics and Jews have increased substantially under the pressure of man-power shortages brought about by relatively full employment.

Now, what about Chicago?

The Bureau on Jewish Employment Problems during the past three years surveyed

* From an address at Assembly, sponsored by City Club of Chicago on December 13, 1958, at Northwestern University, Chicago, Illinois.

5,000 companies that placed more than 100,000 job orders for such white-collar positions as secretaries, typists, clerks, and management trainees. Despite man-power shortages, company representatives put religious or nationality restrictions on more than 20 per cent of these jobs. And 98 per cent of the job orders barred qualified non-whites. Here are some of the restrictions: "Gentile—No Catholics . . . Nordic Only . . . Caucasian . . . Anglo-Saxon Type . . . Anything but a Catholic . . . Protestants Only—No Catholics, Jews, or Orientals."

A 1958 survey of 3,568 job orders showed that 25 per cent excluded Protestants, Catholics or Jews, an increase of at least 5 per cent over previous studies. Not one of these job orders permitted referral of qualified non-whites. In another study of 1,285 Chicago firms, 41 per cent specified religious or nationality preferences on one or more job orders.

Based on reports from all sources, 1,500 companies are known to discriminate on the basis of religion or national origin. These firms employ a large share of the white-collar people in Chicago.

Business groups most responsible for discrimination in white-collar employment include banks and financial institutions, electronic and electrical manufacturing companies, advertising agencies, insurance companies, trade associations, management-consultant firms, book and publications companies, chemical manufacturers, and paper-products firms.

A researcher for the Mayor's Committee on Community Welfare reported that 41 of 48 firms employed no Negroes in clerical jobs, and 12 firms declared they had no intention of having Negroes in their offices under any circumstances. A few companies reported employment of Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos. The researcher found that many employers used a quota in hiring non-whites in production jobs and that non-whites were not enrolled in management-trainee programs. One company president said he preferred to hire Negroes for the heavier type jobs where there is some mo-

notony and not too much is required between the ears—for jobs that a white man would get tired of or leave. In addition, only one of 10 firms with apprenticeship-training programs reported any Negro apprentices. Company executives stated that unions don't admit non-white apprentices (see above). Some others thought that non-whites had neither the education nor background for such training.

A study of federal employees in Chicago made by the President's Committee on Government Employment Policy showed that 28.5 per cent were Negroes, of which 90.9 per cent were in the lowest four of 15 grade levels. Only 1.8 per cent of Negroes were in upper-grade levels from stages 7 to 15, whereas 40.4 per cent of whites occupied such jobs.

Professional medical personnel of all types are in short supply. But does this mean that white hospitals in Chicago hire non-white technicians or welcome affiliations of Negro physicians? No, it doesn't. Chicago ranks lowest of any community outside the South or border cities in affiliations of Negro physicians with white hospitals. Of 226 Negro physicians in Chicago, 22 had affiliations with white hospitals. And lack of affiliation in the present scheme of things denies equality of economic opportunity to the Negro physicians.

Since World War II we have had almost continuous full employment. But the rate of unemployment for non-whites has been twice that of whites. In the 1957-58 recession (or depression, as far as Negroes were concerned), the ratio shot up to 3 to 1 in metropolitan Chicago, according to the Chicago Urban League. This disparity between employment rates of whites and Negroes reflects a built-in factor of discrimination which reacts sensitively to a down-turn in jobs.

Chinese- and Japanese-American agencies in Chicago report little difficulty in placing qualified persons. This does not mean that there is no discrimination, however, since there seems to be a ceiling on positions to which these persons can rise. The Japanese-

American Service Committee reports cases in which Nisei boys quit jobs in disgust when they were unfairly bypassed in promotions. And some employers seem to have the idea that they can employ Japanese-Americans at lower wages. This is particularly true in the case of Nisei women and so-called soldier brides.

Job opportunities for Puerto Ricans have improved. But these people also have problems: they, too, are up against a ceiling in promotions, and wage scales are on a double standard—one for Puerto Ricans and another for white Chicagoans. In locating jobs, the darker the skin of the Puerto Rican, the greater the discrimination.

And now just a few words about the Bureau on Jewish Employment Problems, one of whose major functions is to confer with top management to eliminate discriminatory personnel practices and to develop merit employment standards. In conferences with 131 companies, nine employed Jewish personnel in administrative or executive capacities. No non-whites were similarly employed. Forty-three held government contracts. Although almost all top executives readily approved merit employment in principle, few had taken steps to put the principle into practice. Only four had formulated a policy statement on merit employment. None had informed their recruitment sources. Personnel, department and line staff had received no instructions or training. In only few instances had any attention been given to employee integration. An evaluation of 62 conferences showed that 24 companies took steps to eliminate discriminatory practices, 21 were partially motivated to some action, 14 gave only lip-service or "sweet-talk," and three were openly hostile.

An executive vice-president in the livestock industry said matter-of-factly that he did not hire Negroes "because they sing and dance and laugh and disturb the cattle." And the president of one of Chicago's largest department stores explained the absence of non-white sales persons by stating: "We're not ready for it. It would hurt business."

"I'll tell you, we're very fair," said one personnel manager. "We don't discriminate against any race, color, or creed. If we have a job open and a colored man applies, we take him on—be he Negro, Chinese, Japanese, Puerto Rican, or what have you."

"Suppose a white man and one of those others apply," we asked. "Which would you hire?"

The reply was: "The white man, of course."

Such is the pattern. Now consider the cost. For non-whites in particular, the toll of discrimination is even heavier when one considers the way it creates unstable conditions for those who are employed. Non-whites are "last-hired, first fired." They are low man on the seniority totem pole. They work on marginal jobs which are the first to go in a drop of employment. Many jobs are not covered by unemployment compensation, and work weeks are shorter. A greater proportion of Negro women and young people (who should be in school) seek jobs to help pay grocery and rent bills. The average Negro family income is about 60 per cent of that enjoyed by white Chicagoans. Job discrimination, past and present, is frozen into the difference.

A few years ago Elmo Roper estimated the annual cost of job discrimination to American industry at \$30 billion, or \$10 out of every \$75 pay-check. Applying this formula to metropolitan Chicago, we come up with an annual loss of about \$1½ billion. The figure is surely nearer \$2 billion when you add the costs of increased crime, public assistance, and social maladjustment.

No, there is little doubt that Chicago pays dearly for job discrimination. There is little doubt that this luxury costs industry and taxpayers large sums of money and that it forces consumers to pay higher prices. These dollar factors are important. But what is most important—and most damaging of all—is the unseen price paid in wasted skills, undeveloped abilities, frustrated careers, and job dissatisfaction. Who knows the cost of these?

The Problems and Policies of the New York Times*

By TURNER CATLEDGE

WE HAVE BEEN ASKED to discuss the role which the mass media can, do, or should play in the great national problems of civil rights and the improvement of human relations. I look forward hopefully for the day when discussions such as this will not be necessary. I pray for the time when no person or institution need be especially cited for supporting the cause of decency and justice. Until that time arrives, however, it is important for men and women of good will to consider together the nature of the problem and what can be done to solve it.

The temptation is great, at an occasion like this, to dwell on broad principles and lofty objectives. But all of us here are dedicated to the aims of brotherhood and know them by heart. Merely to elaborate on them would contribute little to the proceedings. Therefore, I propose to do the only thing I am qualified to do—to examine with you what I conceive to be the role of newspapers in the march toward better group and human relations.

If in the course of these remarks I should make frequent reference to The New York Times and its problems and practices in connection with this overall subject, I hope you will pardon me. I shall do so not for the sake of getting in a few commercials but because I am more familiar with the operation of that organization than with any other.

To my mind, a newspaper has three main functions:

- (1) to report the facts that constitute the day's news,
- (2) to explain these facts fairly on its editorial pages, and only on its editorial page, and

* From an address by Turner Catledge, managing editor, the New York Times, delivered at the Anti-Defamation League's Freedom Forum, December 6, 1958.

- (3) to express its views and opinions as to judgments that should be made and actions that should be taken.

There are other functions, of course. With varying degrees of emphasis, newspapers provide entertainment, and they offer a channel of communication for American business through advertising. But it is in the fulfillment of the three main responsibilities of reporting, explaining, and interpreting that newspapers justify and implement the freedom granted the press in the First Amendment to the founding document of our Republic.

The process of reporting news must be conducted as dispassionately and as objectively as it is humanly possible to do if the reading public is to be properly served. Now I know only too well that complete objectivity, the objectivity of the scientific laboratory, is beyond the reach of mere men. It is too much to ask human kind to overcome their prejudices, their backgrounds and opinions, especially when they must cope with sources that may be obscure, biased, or tendentious. I know that judgment is not infallible, especially under the pressure of deadlines. I know that language is often a difficult instrument to employ accurately. Nevertheless, the job of the newspaperman is to report facts just as fairly as he can—to report them without evaluating them as "good" facts or "bad" facts. His job is to inform, not reform; to clarify events, not promote causes, even worthy causes.

Possibly this sounds a little cold, coming from the representative of a newspaper which tomorrow will be awarded the America's Democratic Legacy Medal by the Anti-Defamation League for its contribution to the improvement of human relations. I don't mean it to be. We at The New York Times are, indeed, proud of this award. We are gratified by it. We are glad to be thus

adjudged and to have had an effective place in the forefront battle for justice. But I hope we have qualified because the practice of journalism, as we conceive it, is a powerful influence on the public mind, not because we have consciously conducted a crusade.

There are many ways to correct evils. Each medium has its role, and each has its own methods. A stirring drama on television can illuminate principles and stir hearts and emotions. A magazine can plan features to broaden public understanding.

Newspapers, I think, can best help by holding a mirror up to our society, and thereby letting the people see themselves and what they are doing. Hatred has its roots in fear and ignorance. Decent people become uneasy when raw exploitation is exposed to the hard light of truth. They are then more likely to see their responsibility to help stamp it out.

At *The New York Times* we have considered the unfolding conflict over civil rights as one of the major news stories of our time. We have attempted conscientiously to report it in that context. This conflict is a part of the still-unfinished business of democracy's attaining full maturity. It is thus of vital concern to all Americans. That is why our news judgments tell us to give high priority to developments in the field of human relations. That is why our news instincts tell us to assign enough qualified reporters and enough space to tell the story as fully as it deserves. This policy has carried us far beyond the routine day-by-day reporting of incidents, court orders, and speeches.

While *The Times* may consider a crusading atmosphere as an unsuitable background for its new columns, we recognize an obligation to treat human rights as a facet of the news that must be not conscientiously but imaginatively presented. This means digging beneath the obvious. It means regularly presenting significant developments that help readers acquire understanding and perspective. Yes, it often means presenting people of good will and good intentions with facts that may show some of their moral assumptions erroneously based.

As an example, I am thinking of a story that appeared on the front page of *The Times* only a few weeks ago under a four-column headline, with a three-column picture. It was printed while I was out of town and reflects our going philosophy, not a temporary interest stimulated by anticipation of tonight's forum or tomorrow's medal.

The headline said, "Queens Neighborhood Seeks Racial Balance" and the subhead was, "Whites Reject Panic Sales of Homes as Negroes Move In." The story described the inspiring program that had been instituted to welcome the newcomers and to prevent a hasty, ill-considered exodus of white families. It told of the appearance of signs on many of the white-owned homes—"Not for Sale—We Believe in Democracy" and revealed the united attitude that had developed in the area. One owner demanded that his neighbors buy his home at full price, under the threat of his selling to Negroes. A neighborhood meeting told him plainly that the area would be improved no matter to whom he sold.

It would have been easy for us to miss this important and fascinating story or to underplay it and bury it, if we had not long ago realized that the relations of human beings belong on the top of the news as well as the relations of political parties or of sovereign nations.

Here is another example of what I mean, this one on a much larger scale: While the Supreme Court was still pondering its historic decision of May 17, 1954, we, fortunately, correctly anticipated the verdict and made ready for it. There were weeks of research and preparation by a large staff of reporters. When the decision was handed down, we actually had standing in type four pages of background and interpretative material ready for publication.

Thus, we were able to give our readers not only the verdict of the Supreme Court but all the other information they needed for proper understanding—previous court decisions, local laws, current practices in segregation, and qualified opinions of educators, lawyers, and government officials in

the affected states. A report of this scope could not have been done on the spur of the moment. It was possible only because we appraised the impact of the decision as having top news significance and marshalled our forces accordingly. We were proceeding on the premise that this court decision would give us the opportunity and the responsibility to cover the greatest story of social change ever recorded contemporaneously with the events.

Our interest in the dramatic, legal, and social adjustments facing the South did not halt with the court decision. It was quite apparent that the problem had national dimensions. We reasoned that it would not be solved easily or quickly, that it would have to be resolved in terms of the actions, attitudes, and behavior of the entire country. We felt not only that there was interest in the subject which would justify reporting developments with scope and in depth, but also that it was the responsibility of the press to present the facts day-by-day and week-by-week comprehensively, fairly, and impartially.

This policy was pursued to the best of our ability, but at the end of 1955, about a year and a half after the Supreme Court's decision, something more seemed needed if we were to live up to the obligation we had set for ourselves. Because progress toward integration had been uneven geographically and the air had been constantly filled with a wild confusion of conflicting opinions and imprecations, we decided to make a major effort to provide a complete and balanced picture of what had been happening in the segregated areas and what the present situation was, state by state. Accordingly, a team of ten reporters was assigned to an intensive five week survey covering seventeen states and the District of Columbia. They traveled thousands of miles and talked to hundreds of persons to get the integration story which was published as a special Report from the South on March 13, 1956.

If we were ever in doubt about the correctness of our evaluation of the importance of this issue or the importance of giving facts

to the public, the reception of the eight-page survey would have dispelled it. Our Circulation Department, which has a canny professional sense about such things, ordered 100,000 papers above the normal production.

This tremendous increase, I confess, was viewed with some misgivings by some of our executive staff and surprised even those of us who had planned the report. However, we distributed the extra hundred thousand papers and had one of the rarest experiences in newspaper publishing—a “clean sell-out.” There was literally not a single unsold copy left, and when we were able to make an accounting, we found that the net paid sale for the day was the largest, up until then, of any weekday in The Times history. Newspapers all over the country commented editorially on the survey and reprinted its findings in their entirety or in part, including newspapers in Atlanta and other southern cities. Further, when we ran out of complete March 13 papers, we made 35,000 reprints of the 8-page report to meet domestic demand, and several thousand more in Amsterdam, where our International Edition is produced, for the use of the United States Information Service in Europe.

I have gone into this detail in order to emphasize two points. First, there is demonstrable public thirst for information in the civil rights-human relations area. Second, it is the responsibility of the free press to meet this challenge conscientiously. Each newspaper, magazine, and radio and television station must handle the assignment in its own way. But together they can create an informed citizenry. The history of democracy testifies to the fact that an informed public opinion is a sound public opinion and can be depended upon in the long run to act and react wisely, even in issues heavily overlaid with emotion.

So I say—the primary duty of the press is to report fully and explain clearly, taking great care to reflect fairly opinion on both sides of controversial issues. Ideally, if the editorial page is torn from a newspaper, it should not be possible for the proverbial Man from Mars to discern in its news col-

umns support for any special point of view. This is a journalistic objective not always easily attained.

I admit this because bias or preconceptions can creep into a news report in a hundred subtle ways. When you realize that many thousands of words come into a newspaper daily and only a few thousand can be used, you can understand more clearly what I mean. It can start with the size of the headline, the page on which the story is printed, the context in which the facts are presented, the insertion of a stray adjective or a slightly slanted verb, the highlight chosen for headline display, or, conversely, the underplay of a story that might deserve greater prominence.

It is not within human capacity to do all this perfectly. We make no pretense to such perfections. And when I say "we," I know I speak for all the serious-minded publications in this great land.

I am aware that standards of the kind I have indicated within themselves seem inadequate to earnest partisans of a praiseworthy cause. They frankly would prefer an out-and-out crusading presentation of their point of view. They often chafe at the philosophy of a balanced report. I sincerely believe they are wrong. Brotherhood cannot be sold like soap. The apathetic and the unconverted must educate themselves. They must be nudged step by step in the right direction by facts they themselves have weighed and digested. In the long run, continual exposure of the simple truth is more effective than any amount of passionate advocacy.

Mind you, I have been talking about the news columns. The editorial page is quite a different matter. Opinion must be expressed here—the more vigorously and persuasively, the better. There are not many days when The Times editorial page does not in some way contribute to the fight against intolerance, prejudice, and discrimination, and for decency, justice, human rights, and equality. And that goes for most of the papers of this country—East, North, West and, yes, South. I like to think that this editorial voice wins

respect and carries more power because of the completeness and balance of the news columns that surround it.

Perhaps this is a question more properly explored by Mr. Cowles and Dr. Stanton. However, I venture the conviction that almost every medium of mass communication should have an editorial point of view and should try to give leadership to its readers, or listeners, or viewers.

Vigorous opinions can create problems for a national medium. A trickle or even a flow of hostile letters from extremists is inevitable, and managements that want to be everybody's pal may react in alarm. But the poisoned pen-mail is not worth worrying about for ten seconds. It should not intimidate any courageous publisher or broadcaster into insipid neutrality. Maybe a few of the affronted will stop reading or viewing

Actually, the faint-hearted tend to overrate the protests of the dissenters. In the past two or three years, The Times has received a great many venomous notes from bitter racists in the South. I have been the target for an unusual number of these because of my southern origin. It has not had the least effect on either our circulation or our influence in that region, and I don't think it has had any effect on me personally. After studying these letters, I suspect that in this and other issues in which feelings rise high the most virulent communications have come from men and women who never read The Times anyway. And we have not been immune from criticism from the North, from well-meaning but over-anxious people who question our presentation of the facts because they don't jibe with their preconceptions of them.

To get back to the news columns for a moment—we are often asked what are our ground rules in handling items concerning members of minority groups? When, if ever, is it proper form to use racial and religious designations in news and feature stories? Our practices may be of interest to you. I think they represent the usage in most good newspaper shops. Ordinarily, we do not identify race or religion in a news story un-

less it is a positive and pertinent part of the news. I say "ordinarily" because there are exceptions when it seems proper for us to be inconsistent and to include such designations. The decision as to when such designation is proper has to be made by human beings out of their own experience and according to their own training. For example, it would have been absurd if we had reported the arrival of the Mayor of Dublin without taking note of the fact that he was a Jew. If, in a public controversy, a spokesman represents the official position of some religious or racial group, we must tell our readers so.

One of the most difficult areas of a newspaper from which to eradicate discrimination is the advertising columns. The problem, moreover, is peculiar to newspapers since the advertising classifications in which offense is most frequent are primarily newspaper users. They are: employment, housing, and vacation accommodations.

Now I know practically nothing about modern advertising — an admission which would get a quick and hearty endorsement from our Advertising Department. But even in my isolation, I am aware of the fact that The Times for some years has taken a determined stand in eliminating aspects of discrimination from advertising. The process has been gradual, with a constant tightening of regulations concerning discriminatory words and phrases. As long ago as 1943, the words "restricted" and "selected" clientele were banished from hotel and resort advertisement. Curiously, for some time after such words were eliminated, a number of persons in minority groups wrote to us to protest the rule. They urged that such notations be reinstated because without them these persons might undergo the expense and inconvenience of arriving at an establishment only to be turned away. The Times sympathized with this appeal and regretted the embarrassment which led to it. However, we held to the belief that it was still in the best interest of the public not to permit openly discrim-

inatory statements in its advertising columns. The rightness of this position has been demonstrated by the fact that the flow of such letters has ceased.

Our Advertising Department goes so far as to refuse advertising from hotels and resorts which send literature in the mail indicating discriminatory practices, even though their ads in the paper give no suggestion of it and therefore technically would be acceptable. Admittedly, the mere checking of those who would otherwise advertise their prejudices is not enough by itself to win the battle for equality. But it is one of the contributions which the press can make to the overall cause of democracy. It is one part of the broad and varied role which the mass media play in the forming and molding of public opinion.

I realize that in these remarks I have dealt pretty much with parochial matters. If I have talked too much about The Times, I apologize. In mitigation, I can only repeat that it is the institution whose workings I know best. I do hope you find some value and interest in the varied ways in which the problems of human relations impinge on newspaper operations. After all, each of us must face the problem at his own work bench and in his own way.

The mass media, of course, are only one instrumentality in the never-ending quest for the improvement of our democracy. The schools, the churches, organizations like the Anti-Defamation League, and our political and community leaders all have their essential roles in solving the problem. None of us can erase prejudice alone. I think a sober appraisal of just where we stand today in the long upward climb toward human justice must leave us with mixed feelings. If we look backward, we can rejoice over the chains that have been broken—in the progress already made. But if we turn the other way and measure the distance still to be traversed to the mountain top, we must be humble, if indeed we are not terrified. There is so much yet to be done.

Formula for Inter-Racial Living

By GERALD WALKER

NORTHERNERS, quick to excoriate racism in the South, tend to overlook the limits they themselves have set to the degree of integration acceptable in their own lives. They go to school with the Negro, sit next to him on a bus, eat at adjacent restaurant tables, and work beside him on the job. But the color line is drawn at living in the same neighborhood.

Thus, until recently, the first Negro family moving to a previously all-white block could usually expect their new neighbors to greet them in several ways. They might take mob action against the "intruders." They might sell their homes and leave. Or they might resort to frosty ostracism. Whichever reaction was triggered, the net result has been the perpetuation of housing as one of the last frontiers of discrimination.

During the past few years there has evolved a more constructive way of meeting the problem of a racially changing neighborhood. A typical example of this new approach, which tries to steer a middle course between the exclusion of Negroes and the departure of white residents, is that adopted by Springfield Gardens, a community of some 20,000 home-owners located in the extreme southeast corner of New York's borough of Queens.

Springfield Gardens, a mile north of New York International Airport and a thirty-five minute drive from mid-town Manhattan, offers the closest thing to middle-class suburban living to be found within city limits. Most of its dwellings are well kept one- and two-family brick and frame homes, from 5 to 30 years old, in the \$12,000 to \$20,000 price range.

Its white population is predominantly native-born and Protestant, the majority being young married couples with children. Bread-winners are mostly skilled craftsmen,

foremen, managers, and clerical and professional workers. In 1950, median income for the area was \$4,217, higher than the rest of Queens and New York City as a whole.

Negro families have lived in some parts of Springfield Gardens for as long as twenty years, but until recently they added up to no more than a handful. During the period when Negro residents remained few in number, they were accepted without incident or ill-feeling. Although they only settled in certain quasi-segregated blocks, most of which were in the western sections of the neighborhood near the Jamaica Race Track, their acceptance went far enough for one Negro mother to be elected PTA president several times. Today inter-racial relations are governed by a different set of factors.

"Five years ago," says mailman Frank Austin, himself a Negro, "there was only one colored family on my Springfield Gardens route. Now that same territory is thirty per cent colored."

United States Census figures showed less than one per cent non-white persons in the area in 1950. By September, 1956, according to a neighborhood survey, the western portions of Springfield Gardens had experienced so great an increase in non-white population that most of the schools in this area showed approximately seventy-five per cent of their fall enrollment to be Negro. Latest estimates put non-white residents at twenty per cent of the community's total population.

Geography partially explains Springfield Gardens' Negro influx of the past five years. Around 1950, Negroes began buying homes in formerly white residential communities to the north and west of Springfield Gardens, among them South Jamaica, Hollis, and St. Albans. Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella were among the first Negro homeowners in these areas. As they filled up,

Negroes continued their southward and eastward movement in the direction of Springfield Gardens. One local realtor estimates that currently from 70 to 100 colored families are moving into the St. Albans-Hollis-Springfield Gardens area every month. This, he says, is a total of between 4,000 and 5,000 new Negro residents annually.

Why are so many Negroes buying homes in formerly all-white neighborhoods? For those who attained middle-class status since World War II, this is the only way to overcome the critical shortage of rental housing for non-whites. The old segregated sections have not kept pace with their needs. Failure of landlords and city governments to make repairs and maintain standards render many dwellings unlivable. Slum-clearance projects eject thousands. And from 1935 to 1955, nine million new private housing units were built but less than one per cent were open to the Negro ten per cent of the population.

"Our primary aim was not to live in a white neighborhood," states Charles W. De Costa, a young Negro employed by an architectural firm who with his wife and three children has been living in Springfield Gardens for four years. "We just wanted a decent home. We were the first Negroes on our block, but now it's about two-thirds white and one-third colored. I hope it stays that way. Bringing up kids in an all-Negro area doesn't prepare them for mixing in later life."

Entire sections literally changed complexion, often with astonishing rapidity. A row of ranch-type houses built in 1950 received its first Negro occupant five years ago; today no whites remain. Other blocks went from all-white to all-Negro within a year. It soon became evident that this accelerated rate of racial turn-over was not accidental.

Last September, Mrs. Evelyn Klavens made an alarmed phone call to Mrs. Wilma Buchanan, president of the Tri-Community Council, made up of delegates from neighborhood service-organizations in Springfield Gardens, Rosedale to the east, and Laurelton to the south. According to Mrs. Klavens, organized teams of real estate agents were

pressing a door-to-door, telephone, and mail campaign aimed at convincing residents of her section of Springfield Gardens that the neighborhood would soon turn all-Negro and that they ought to sell their homes before it was "too late."

With the assistance of two city agencies, the Youth Board and the Commission on Inter-group Relations, TCC in November set up its own Neighborhood Relations Committee as part of a self-help program designed to maintain a racially balanced community. Its primary objective was to avert "panic sales" of homes which result in a mass exodus of white families and the creation of a new Negro ghetto. The new committee's policy also includes welcoming the new Negro families, stabilizing those areas where a heavy influx has already begun, and instituting an educational program to prepare other sections of Springfield Gardens and still-white Laurelton and Rosedale for the eventuality of balanced integration.

Most crucial was combating the so-called "block-busting" tactics of irresponsible realtors. After the first Negro moves to a block, or when this seems imminent, agents approach a home-owner and make him a cash offer, saying that Neighbor X is selling to a Negro family and now is the time to get out before his house loses its value. Often whole carloads of real estate men arrive and fan out to cover an entire block. Sometimes Negro salesmen accompany Negro couples up and down a block, pointing out various homes so that white residents who might be watching will think the houses indicated are really for sale.

"For several years," says Mrs. Klavens, "the real estate men have been staging spring and fall offensives. This September a Negro family moved in around the corner from us and it was worse than ever. They say your neighbor's house has been sold when it hasn't. They send in phoney Negro buyers. They ring your bell and ask if you want your kids to play with colored kids, or whether you want to be the last white family on the block. They use every scare technique there is and the whole idea is to

frighten you into selling just so they can make a commission."

Five local brokerage concerns were queried about these less than scrupulous sales-promotion efforts. The largest said it was "the little fellows" who were responsible. A Negro broker intimated that it was "mostly the whites." Two evaded a direct answer, saying merely that they were "never the first to introduce a Negro family on a white block." One hung up. All, however, were named by Springfield Gardens residents as having attempted to pressure them into moving by spreading racially inflammatory rumors and lies.

So far the situation followed the classic pattern of in-migrating Negroes, anxious whites, and opportunistic realtors.

"But," comments lawyer Bernard Berly, co-chairman of the Neighborhood Relations Committee, "unlike many communities facing the same problem, we had more than our own good intentions to work with. We were lucky enough to be able to draw on the experience of two experts and on the resources of the agencies they represent."

With studies showing that racial tensions in changing neighborhoods breed higher delinquency rates, the Youth Board in September, 1957, took the preventive measure of giving Jack Rothman, a trained group-worker, a full-time assignment to the Tri-Community area before there was any serious increase in delinquency. Thus, when Mrs. Klavens alerted TCC about the realtors' intensified block-busting activities, Rothman had been there for over a year and was serving as TCC's Administrative Aide and Staff Consultant. He suggested calling in Irving Levine, Queens field representative of the Commission on Inter-group Relations, and TCC's executive board agreed.

To counter the fears sown by unethical real estate agents, TCC leaders worked with Rothman and Levine to draw up an action plan for the newly formed Neighborhood Relations Committee. Co-chairman of that committee, the Reverend David S. Sheldon of Springfield Gardens' First Presbyterian Church, has observed that since the neigh-

borhood campaign opened, "for sale" signs came down from five houses on his block alone. Not only have "for sale" signs come down, but the committee has supplied another sign to take their place. In the windows of at least forty homes on two adjacent blocks is a placard which reads: "NOT FOR SALE we believe in democracy."

As one home-owner explained it, "The not-for-sale part is to reassure our white neighbors that we're not leaving and to keep the real estate men from hounding us. The part about democracy is to let our Negro neighbors know they're welcome."

Levine served as moderator for a series of block meetings at which white and Negro neighbors candidly probed the difficulties of living together. At these same meetings, he also discussed the "property-value fallacy," explaining that the only thing certain to lower the value of residents' homes is a panic in which all the houses are dumped on the market at once. When the realtors succeed in creating an atmosphere of fear, Levine pointed out, they themselves buy up houses through dummies at bargain prices and resell them for much more to Negroes, who have no choice but to pay the premium since Negro demand far exceeds supply. Levine bolstered this explanation with recent studies by real estate appraisers showing that in most cases, after the panic period subsides, house prices in integrated areas usually rise to their former level.

Once the Neighborhood Relations Committee had squelched the realtors' scare tactics and rumors, thus averting the moving of whites in great numbers, it set about tackling the problem on a non-emergency basis through its three sub-committees. Its Real Estate and Mortgage unit has forwarded to all local realtors a joint statement by Springfield Gardens clergymen protesting panic salesmanship. Sub-committee representatives plan to visit the Jamaica Real Estate Board and the Long Island Realty Board to request that they police their members. Offending real estate operators will be spoken to directly. As a last resort, the matter will be referred to the New York State Secretary of

State to see what can be done to rescind the licenses of unethical realtors, since it is from that office that licenses are issued.

Efforts will also be made to loosen the "gentlemen's agreements" whereby realtors show houses in mixed neighborhoods only to Negro buyers and banks refuse mortgage money to whites interested in such areas, practices inevitably resulting in one hundred per cent Negro communities. Local banks will be asked to readjust lending policies and plans are in the offing to introduce legislation in Albany establishing a state fund for loans to white home-purchasers in integrated communities so that these areas may remain integrated.

The Block Organization sub-committee is set up as an intelligence service whose block captains will alert the entire organization when a particular area is being intimidated by real estate brokers. The Public Information unit will disseminate news so that residents remain interested and community morale does not falter.

Other neighborhood efforts include a new series of human relations workshops, begun a year ago by Mrs. Myra C. Flinker, principal of P. S. 132, individual sessions of which cover such questions as "How can we all work together?" and "What makes a good neighborhood?" A community-wide brotherhood meeting in a local school auditorium is planned. Smaller functions will be held in people's homes with white and Negro neighbors invited for a "get acquainted" session. And one section revived the Christmas custom known as a Santa Claus Club, neighbors going from door to door with a communally-subscribed grab-bag and distributing trinkets to white and Negro children alike.

Now that the panic of last September has subsided, what is the atmosphere in Springfield Gardens today? How do individual home-owners feel about the course events have taken?

"My husband and I have lived here for thirty years," said Mrs. Elizabeth Kuehnert, "and we're staying put. Negroes have lived nearby for several years and no one was dis-

turbed about it. If it weren't for the real estate men, people would have accepted the Negroes moving in one by one."

Not everyone agrees. Said one man who refused to be identified, "I won't put up with that element around here. That's why we're going further out on the Island where there aren't any Negroes. Take my word, the whites are just biding their time. If they could afford it, they'd move, too. They started this committee business too late. Come back in a year or two and see how many of these not-for-sale signs you find."

"This neighborhood," said still another white resident, "is at just the right income level for integration to work. Negroes who can afford to buy a home here are likely to match the overall standards of the people living next door, while most of the whites can't afford to move where there are no Negroes."

"When the whites move," comments Oswald Thomas, a Negro employed by the post office, who with his family came to Springfield Gardens last September, "they run away with the same impressions they had before and they deprive us all of knowing each other. The first night I noticed the new signs in the windows, it made me feel good that they wanted to live with us."

Springfield Gardens' Negro residents feel that the Neighborhood Relations Committee is "a good idea," but some say this in a way that indicates reservations. A number of them regret that nothing was done before their own blocks turned all-Negro. Others, living in sections which are still fairly evenly balanced, have a note of skepticism in their voices, as if they really do not believe that the whites will remain. They have seen them leave too many times before.

On the white side of the fence, the unspoken question is, "How 'integrated' do we really want to be?" Some home-owners have pegged their private decision to move to the time when the houses on both sides of them are occupied by Negroes. Even the best-intentioned do not believe the line can be held once Springfield Gardens' non-white

population climbs to forty or fifty per cent.

Thus, Springfield Gardens has achieved a truce, not an armistice. Whether the residents can prevent or resist fresh attempts at intimidation by realtors remains to be seen this spring. No matter what the final outcome, the organized efforts of Springfield Gardens' more enlightened citizens to avert

a white exodus in the immediate future has value in and of itself. As the National Community Relations Advisory Council states in one of its booklets, "To whatever extent the period is prolonged during which an integrated neighborhood exists, a contribution is made to the long-range reduction of prejudice and discrimination."



Promised Land

N. P. STEINBERG

MARTIN ROSS

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM announces with deep regret the passing, in Los Angeles, California of Martin Ross, teacher and writer.

Together with several other friends he had helped found this publication some seventeen years ago. And, though for the last decade he was absent from Chicago, the editor notes his immeasurable gratitude to him for his general counsel and guidance in the early years of THE FORUM, and his sturdy confidence that THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM will establish and maintain for itself a place in American letters.

Martin Ross' influence was very valuable at the beginning of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM. His encouragement then and later is much and deeply appreciated.

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM
Benjamin Weintrob, Editor

India in Mid-Passage

By SURINDAR SURI

WHEN INDIA BECAME a free nation at the stroke of midnight on August 14, 1947, it marked the end of one revolution but the beginning of another. The long and painful road of political independence from British domination was trodden successfully. Yet tears of sorrow were mixed with the joy that India was free but divided, almost a fifth of the territory and population having broken away to form an independent state, Pakistan. The division uprooted millions of people who had to be re-settled. There were disputed territories, one of which, Kashmir, led to an armed conflict between the sister states. But none of these tragedies could obscure the fact that a new era in the history of India and of Asia had begun.

Consummation of the political revolution, however, only marked the beginning of the social revolution; and, unlike the former, the outcome of the latter is still uncertain. When India was under British subjugation, it was quite usual for one to dismiss the social or economic problems with the remark that political freedom had to come first. If the people were too poor, if they were illiterate and lacked medical care, the cause was India's political dependence upon Britain. When India became free, the people were told, all of her problems would be solved. Britain was accused of holding back India's economic and social progress, of hindering her industrialization, of discouraging the spread of education because illiterate people could be held down more easily. Thus the freedom of India was charged with spoken and unspoken promises of social betterment for the masses.

Paradoxically, a major complaint of the nationalist leaders who conducted the struggle for independence was the lack of social consciousness among the people, especially

the millions of India's peasants. The anti-British political struggle was conducted almost exclusively by the urban middle classes who were led by lawyers (e.g., Gandhi and Nehru), journalists, teachers, small businessmen. The peasants did not play a decisive role. Some critics maintain that the Indian nationalist movement lacked a clearly-defined social content and that this was the reason why the Mohammedans, for instance, kept largely aloof from the nationalist movement. But the nationalist leaders did promise that all sorts of social and economic benefits would accrue when freedom was achieved. Yet they felt that the masses were not sufficiently active, not even sufficiently demanding, for the betterment of their own circumstances. It was this lack of social dynamic among the masses which made Indian freedom to some extent a gift of the British Government, for Britain retired from India voluntarily, although under pressure. This made for a certain amount of orderliness in the transfer of power, but India lacked the élan of a successful revolution. Unlike China, the political revolution in India was consummated first, whereas the social revolution is only just beginning.

The ten years that have passed since freedom are, by any count, years of noteworthy achievement. To maintain a stable government and a functioning administration for a population of over 300 million people is by itself no mean achievement, especially when one compares India with other Asian or Middle Eastern countries. Almost ten million refugees have been re-settled. The hundreds of small states with their own rajas or maharajas, which formerly made the political map of India look like a patch-work quilt, have disappeared. The political unity of India is now secured, although not all danger points have vanished. The status of

Kashmir is still disputed, and the problem of re-drawing state boundaries in accord with the different languages spoken within India is not yet fully solved. However, the most dangerous issue concerns the future of the aboriginal Naga tribes on the eastern frontier of India. Naga leaders demand autonomy. The Government of India refuses to grant this demand for fear that the Nagas will then decide to break away altogether, or that other communities may decide to copy them. A creative solution of the problem is called for because, as a democratic government, India will not resort to physical repression. Another political achievement is that India has a new constitution, the most intricate in the world. It guarantees fundamental rights to all its citizens although there are built-in provisions to protect the integrity of the state if it should be threatened with anarchy or disorder.

The Constitution is based on the "conservative-liberal" tradition of Britain and America. Whether it will remain adequate for the future remains to be seen; for the time being at least India is a genuine political democracy. The main evidence of India's political health is that it has held two fair and successful general elections with universal franchise, the first in 1952 and the second in 1957. These elections, in which over 100 million people took part, required a complex technical arrangement. A majority of the voters live in villages, some of which are difficult to reach. Since most of the voters are illiterate, there were no voting machines or long ballots. An army of a million election officials supervised the arrangements. In 1957 the polling took only two weeks to complete, whereas in 1952 it required over two months. Yet the elections were completed without serious incidents.

In view of the growing political consciousness among the people, it is not surprising that Indian membership in the British Commonwealth of Nations was a major issue in the last general elections. This issue, in fact, separated the center parties, particularly the ruling Indian National Congress, from the extreme right and left. The anti-Common-

wealth arguments were stated most forcefully by the splinter Socialist Party (there are several socialist parties), which declared that "the Anglo-Indian alliance is a primary reason for the passivity and meaningless vagueness of India's foreign policy," adding that "unless the Anglo-Indian connection is destroyed, India can neither attain self-respect nor an effective foreign policy." But the Socialist Party wanted to establish a cosmopolitan socialist civilization where, as *The Hindu* tersely observed, the Indo-British connection would apparently be re-established. Of course, it would be a connection of a different sort. Although the anti-Commonwealth parties had no chance of coming to power at the last election, they reflected a widespread sentiment — namely, that her membership in the Commonwealth condemns India to a perpetually junior role in world affairs. For instance, Britain can always claim to speak for India, as well as for other members of the Commonwealth, because Britain is its titular head. There are others who think that although India rejects military alliances, she is in fact a member of one, because the Commonwealth is based upon a tacit understanding of mutual help in case of war. The substantial role played in India by British capital, which has actually increased since Indian independence, was another issue. Although the results of the election were in favor of continuing the Commonwealth membership, this issue is by no means settled and will surely raise its head again.

The Indian National Congress, architect of Indian freedom and hallowed by the names of Gandhi and of Nehru, was sure of winning the elections, yet it could lose its moral leadership. Nehru spoke of the elections as a process of educating the people in democracy. The Congress election manifesto was sweetly ambiguous, "comforting rather than inspiring," as the *Hindustan Times* called it. The newspaper explained that "those who attempt to outbid the Congress in ideology are doomed to failure for Mr. Nehru will always be a step or two ahead of them." The Congress Manifesto

was high-minded, as became a party that was led by a saint, namely, Gandhi, but is also accustomed to being in power. It admonished the voters that "the story of man from his early beginnings at the dawn of history is not merely a story of economic and technological advance but is essentially an advance on the moral, ethical, and cultural plane." In short, the quest for material progress should not be allowed to over-step the bounds of social ethics.

But the Congress is vulnerable to the charge of totalitarianism, since it has monopolized political power in India ever since independence. Its opponents complained that the Congress was too big and totalitarian and that it became bigger and even more totalitarian at election time. As good election tacticians, the Congress leaders sought to win over potential opponents; as a result it contained such divers social types as Maharajas and messenger-boys. Nehru acknowledged that the Party contained a wide assortment of political views, but maintained that the Congress had trapped the reactionaries and subjected them to the organized strength of the progressive elements within it. In fact, the progressive element is largely Mr. Nehru himself, and the day might come when, in his absence, the progressives themselves might become prisoners of the Congress reactionaries.

C. Rajagopalachari, India's elder statesman, said:

The struggle for emancipation from foreign rule and the reverence commanded by those who took part in it functioned in place of religion. The heroes . . . must all pass out in course of time and the demigods disappearing, the void will be complete and disastrous.

Nehru, the last of the "heroes," has the peculiar genius of expressing the will of the majority of the people on all basic issues. This makes him practically indispensable as a symbol of Indian political strivings. The question is often asked: "After Nehru, what?" Those who watch him closely answer that he is in better health than any of his prospective successors. Yet the question bothers everyone in India, and it might be

that Nehru's very genius has served to retard the growth of political responsibility among others.

Socialism, which is the catchword in India today, was the main slogan in the elections. As an Indian writer expressed it, "Everybody in India is a socialist now, but everybody's socialism is diluted in one form or another." The Congress has committed itself to the creation of a "socialist pattern of society" where profit motive will not be the dominant one, although it will be allowed to operate within wide limits. It is worth noticing that the "socialist pattern of society" is something for the future. Even its adoption as a goal is intended to steal the thunder of the left. The National Welfare Union, an organization of landlords in Southern India, also favored a "strong, centralist welfare state" under the leadership of the landed aristocracy. It was opposed to "nationalization, socialization, or collectivization of agriculture or any other plans for cooperative farming which embody an element of compulsion." (Italics added.) Thus the most reactionary political body in India favored a welfare state and was not opposed to socialism in principle.

Jan Sangh, another influential right-wing party, stands for a revival of the Hindu religion and advocates Hindu political supremacy. Its current ideal combines Nasser's bluffing with the military efficiency of Israel. Jan Sangh wanted to liberate the parts of Kashmir occupied by Pakistan, perhaps also Pakistan. It declared:

Pakistan's people are in a miserable condition, simmering on the verge of revolution, and India's masses are hardly better off. The better minds both among Hindus and Muslims—in India and Pakistan alike—feel that the partition of India was worse than a crime. It was a blunder, and that blunder must be rectified as soon as possible.

Jan Sangh, in whose system of ethics apparently a blunder is worse than a crime, advised Nehru to take a leaf out of Nasser's book.

But the main critics of the Congress stood on the left. The Praja (People's) Socialist Party maintained that "rising prices, growing unemployment, and general economic

insecurity experienced by the working people make a mockery of all claims of development and progress." The dissident Socialist Party, a splinter group, which took a more radical line, saw the people threatened by a "fast engulfing economic, moral, and spiritual chaos." The Party proposed a "mighty effort to bring the village masses into the vortex of politics by breaking unjust laws individually and collectively" to create conditions where "thousands of people will turn to the cult of suffering by going to jail." This party does not seem to have realized that its program would only increase the economic and moral chaos. At the extreme left of the political spectrum stood the Communist Party of India, which concentrated its attack upon the relative inadequacies of the five-year plan, which is the Congress Party's show-piece. Its main complaint was that the plan did not provide enough scope to heavy industry. The Communists also attacked India's membership in the Commonwealth, arguing that India was still a British dependency in the economic field.

The arguments and slogans used in the election campaign are a good index of the variety of political ideas at work in the country, and election results showed which of these ideas were selected by the people to be effective in shaping their destiny. One feature of the elections was that a larger number of people took the trouble to vote than five years previously, the percentage of participation rising from 44.9 in 1952 to 49.2 in 1957. Clearly, the level of active political interest among the people has risen and it will, undoubtedly, continue to rise. This is a fact of basic importance which contributes to the impending social revolution. Another significant fact is the concentration of political activity in a smaller number of parties. On paper the number is still large, for 26 political parties contested the elections this time, but it was a far cry from the 76 parties which set up candidates in 1952. The number of candidates to the National Parliament declined from 1800 to less than 1500 and that for the State Assemblies from 15,000 to 10,000. Clearly, unbounded optimism

about the chances of one's election has given way to a more hard-headed realism.

The four major parties—Congress, Praja Socialists, Jan Sangh, and Communists—strengthened or, at least, consolidated their position. The ruling Congress Party won 366 seats out of 500, four more than in the outgoing Parliament. Although Jan Sangh, the right-wing party, also doubled its vote and increased its members from three to four, yet the elections showed a general swing to the left, with the Communists establishing themselves as the strongest left-wing party and the main opposition to the Congress. The Communists won 27 seats against 23 in 1952, whereas the Praja Socialists slipped from 21 to 19. These political tendencies are even more clearly mirrored in the elections to the state legislatures. The Congress Party gained an absolute majority of seats in 11 out of 13 states, although it suffered losses in some key areas. In Bombay, the second largest state in India, the Congress won 225 out of 396 seats—an absolute majority. Yet it lost almost a hundred seats; hence its victory was interpreted as a sort of moral defeat. The reason was to be found in the linguistic controversy which rocked Bombay during the previous eighteen months.

The boundaries of Indian states were fixed arbitrarily in the course of the British conquest of India. In the course of the fight for freedom, the Congress had promised that the state boundaries would be re-drawn to bring together into one state the people who spoke the same language. The new boundaries were announced in 1955, but Bombay proved a hard nut to crack, for it is inhabited by people who speak two different languages, Marathi and Gujarati. Bombay City, India's major port, has a Marathi majority but is regarded as indispensable for the Gujarati people who live in the hinterland with the bulk of the industry. At first Bombay City was left as a independent entity but it satisfied nobody. The Marathis were enraged because they regarded Bombay City as their own. Nehru's final award was to keep Bombay as a bilingual state, including Bombay City. Of course, nobody was

really happy over this solution. The opposition parties, sensing that they stood to gain on this issue, buried their differences and presented a united front. The right-wing Jan Sangh fought shoulder to shoulder with the Socialists and Communists. They failed to gain an outright victory but felt encouraged with the result. Nehru is confident that the separatist movement in Bombay will be short-lived. But in the elections to the Bombay City Council held recently the Congress was defeated by the united opposition and it lost control of Bombay City for the first time in twenty years. On the other hand, the Congress Party won an absolute majority of seats in West Bengal and Assam, which were considered doubtful.

Orissa and Kerala were the two states where the Congress failed to win a clear majority. In Orissa, an exception to the rest of the country, the beneficiaries were the landlords who stood behind the Ganatantra Parishad. But the Congress won a plurality of seats and formed the government. The most interesting case is, undoubtedly, that of the small state of Kerala at the southernmost edge of India. The Communists, who won 36.5 percent of the votes cast, gained 60 out of 120 seats, and since they were supported by five independents who won with Communist help, they possessed the working majority and formed the government. Thus we have a unique spectacle of Communists working for a democratic constitution. Will the Communists run the government in a democratic manner, or will they return to revolutionary tactics?

The Federal Government in India has the power to supersede state governments in an emergency, although Prime Minister Nehru will not use these powers unless it is absolutely necessary. And the Communists at present do not want to be forced out of office. If they agree to work within the framework of India's democratic constitution they may cease to be revolutionary and, as the British Labor leader Aneurin Bevan predicted, become democratic socialists.

One other point about the elections should be mentioned. They showed that the

main areas of discontent are the cities. Industrial workers are voting for Socialists and Communists. Even more significant is the fact that the urban middle class is turning away from the Congress. Apart from suffering from chronic unemployment, the middle class is also the main sufferer from the currency inflation which plagues the country. Deficit financing of Indian economic development will make the inflation worse than it is, nor are there signs of new employment opportunities to provide jobs for several million individuals who are in need of them. Hence the Congress Party will be subjected to even greater strain during the coming years.

Nehru's return to the government for the next five years means that the so-called neutralist foreign policy will be continued. India's traditional philosophy of peace and tolerance provides a justification for neutralism, but one should not neglect the material factors that lie behind it. India is a new nation, lacking a traditional foreign policy and having neither old enemies nor tried friends. Then, too, India's need for economic aid from other countries is so urgent and so vast that no one country, whether the United States, Soviet Russia, or Britain, can satisfy it. Since India must draw from all sources, she must also keep on friendly terms with everyone. Similarly, India wants peace not only because of her high ideals, which play an important role, but also because self-interest is involved. A high level of armaments required by the industrially advanced countries reduces the amount of industrial equipment which the under-developed countries can get from them. Even a poor country like India has to spend a large part of its limited resources on military equipment because no country can afford to remain unarmed in the midst of a worldwide armaments race. If international tension is relaxed, less will be spent on armaments and more resources will be available for economic development. A war, on the other hand, would be an unmitigated disaster for the poorer countries. But so long as India can follow the neutralist policy, she

will be a standing example of successful co-existence. Delegations and visitors from Communist and democratic countries are equally welcome in India, and Indians travel freely to both of the apparently irreconcilable political worlds and they seem no worse for their experiences. The Soviet Union constructs industrial projects in India which stand cheek by jowl with British or German constructions. In a world torn by tensions, fears, and hatred, Indians feel that their country offers a hopeful example in many ways.

Another factor that plays a role in Indian foreign policy is the feeling of attachment to the under-developed countries. Her close relationship with Egypt came into the lime-light during Egypt's recent struggle with Israel, France, and Britain. Indians felt that Egypt was in this case the victim rather than the guilty party, but the main object of Indian diplomacy was a peaceful compromise which would satisfy all parties. India counselled patience and urged Egypt to moderate its demands. It is worth remarking that, unlike other Middle Eastern countries, India has recognized Israel and, although there is as yet no Indian representative in Israel, there is an Israeli consulate in Bombay. In the United Nations India has occasionally sought the support of Israel for her proposals. Among Indians themselves there is much understanding and sympathy for the problems of that country.

It is inevitable that one should think of China when discussing Indian foreign policy. Between them the two countries contain almost two-fifths of the world's population and are, in this respect, the giants among nations. Their mutual relations are bound to be fateful for the future of Asia and the world. India is determined to be friendly towards China. There is no direct conflict of interests between the two countries. Nor can India help being sympathetic to a nation struggling to lift itself out of deepest poverty and cultural backwardness, just as India herself is doing. No doubt Indians consider it unfortunate that the same sympathy is not shown by the United States

towards China since the United States is also by tradition a friend of the down-trodden peoples. Indians are convinced that the Chinese are also desirous of friendly relations. But a sort of competitive co-existence is under way between India and China. Each stares over the shoulder of the other to see which is ahead or lagging behind in industrial and agricultural development. There is no agreement as to which country is developing faster, but some points are undisputed. China has organized its manpower more effectively, eliminated unemployment, promoted literacy, and controlled its currency. China certainly presents a more disciplined appearance. India, on the other hand, has maintained more political freedom; her social and cultural development is more spontaneous and may prove to be healthier. But the time for a final judgment has not yet come.

India's relations with her sister state of Pakistan are far from the best, the bone of contention between the two being, apparently, Kashmir. This is not the place to go into the merits of the dispute; suffice it here to say that the question is ultimately one of confidence between the two countries. When international tension is relaxed, when neither of the two countries fears aggression, they will compromise. Moreover, when Pakistan begins to concentrate its energies upon internal economic and social development, as India is doing, it will lose interest in fanning the fires of a dispute which today serves to distract the energy of the people from their own hardships and grievances.

It may not be out of place here to say a few words about the relations between India and the United States. These relations are peculiarly ambivalent. The present policy of active, peaceful co-existence is the only one that enables India to maintain a democratic political system. If she joined one military bloc in opposition to the other, such inner political tension would be created as to cause a civil war or a political dictatorship of the right or the left. But Indians complain that the United States, which treats

France and Britain as its equals, refuses to accord the same status to India, as in the case of America's opposition to the participation of India in the disarmament negotiations in London during summer of 1957. Similarly, United States economic aid to India has been substantial, amounting to a billion dollars over the past ten years. But it was not comprehensive, was not planned to fulfill definite objectives, as was the Marshall Plan aid for Europe. Here too there is room for dissatisfaction mixed with gratitude. If India's relations with the Soviet Union are apparently smoother, it is because neither side expects too much from the other and is, therefore, satisfied with what it gets. But the Soviet Union champions the under-developed countries in every way and India cannot ignore this fact.

The main energy of the Indian people is directed towards their economic and social betterment. India began a systematic effort to promote the economic development of the country soon after gaining independence in 1947. Various projects of development, such as the irrigation dams, were later co-ordinated into the first five-year plan, which began in 1951 and closed successfully in 1956. It was planned that the national income, which stood at 90 billion rupees in 1950-51, should reach 100 billion rupees in 1955. (The current exchange rate is about five rupees to the dollar.) The rate of savings was to be increased during the same period from 5 per cent to 6.75 per cent of the national income. At the conclusion of the plan it was announced that the national income during the five years had increased by 18 per cent; the production of food grains increased by 20 per cent. About five million acres of land were brought under irrigation from the new dams. In order to appreciate the significance of these figures, we should remember that about 80 per cent of the Indian people live from farming, yet India does not produce enough to feed herself adequately. There are two reasons for this. One is that India depends too much upon rain-fall of the famous Monsoons for irrigation, but sometimes it rains too much and

at other times not enough. Hence the high priority given to the construction of irrigation dams to ensure regular irrigation. The other short-coming is lack of scientific farming. The peasants are not educated; they do not get enough fertilizers or farming machines, and would not know how to use them. Education and industrialization are necessary for this purpose and they take time. The first five-year plan made an important initial advance: it set the ball rolling. This was more important than any figures.

Even industrial production increased during the first plan. The total industrial production showed a rise of 22 per cent. Preliminary planning was completed for the construction of steel works and electrical plants, which are the main features of the second plan, now under way. This plan has four major goals: First, the national income should rise by 25 per cent or by five per cent each year. The second is to create ten million new jobs, which would take care of the annual increase in population and at least make a small dent in the army of the presently unemployed, which is estimated officially at 15 million, but is probably much greater. The third goal of the plan is to lay the foundation for heavy industry. The fourth goal is to reduce the great disparity between income and wealth among the people as called forth by the "socialist pattern of society." The major difficulty of the plan, which is now being felt very acutely, is the lack of foreign exchange required for the purchase of equipment for the heavy industry. The world today is shy of lending money to foreign nations because of the general political insecurity. The vast stream of capital that flowed during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries has now almost dried up, and developing countries like India are handicapped. Her people have caught on to the idea of progress; they want to move ever faster. If the present government fails to provide the means, woe upon it!

Here it is relevant to discuss the cultural and social revolution which is gathering momentum in India. What does India have to show in cultural progress during the ten

years of freedom? In some respects the progress is substantial. In the years preceding freedom, India was rocked by religious rioting when Hindus, Mohammedans, and Sikhs were at each other's throat. Today there is social peace in this respect. The minority communities are secure and no one expects a resurgence of religious warfare. In other respects the progress may not seem sensational. Today about twenty per cent of the population is literate as compared with twelve per cent in 1947. The caste system is almost as rigid as it ever was. True, the untouchables have been granted equal rights as far as the law is concerned. But law is a feeble weapon against traditions whose roots go back thousands of years into history. The emancipation of women has been promoted and their legal equality insured. But more remains to be done than has been achieved. Even in the area of literature and arts there are no new works of outstanding value. The great figures of literature, such as the poets Rabindranath Tagore and Iqbal, died before the day of freedom and no one has risen to take their place. All the outstanding men and women of India today are old people, and replacements are not in sight. To put it bluntly, India does not have much to show in the field of social achievements or culture. Yet a judgment that stops at this point and refuses to see further is actually a blind one.

Practically all competent observers of the scene in India are agreed that something deep and powerful is stirring underneath an apparently placid surface. The masses are awakening and their minds are stirring. Because the social structure of India was so rigid, because her masses were so passive and their backwardness was so hopeless — just because of these, even a small change portends a coming unheaval, just as a small crack in the surface of an icy mountain is the sign of an avalanche. Some Indians speak of a whirlwind which is rising in the country and threatens to sweep everything before it. Writers who until yesterday complained that no one cared for what they

wrote nor read their works are suddenly realizing that the masses are beginning to take notice of what goes on. People are beginning to demand enlightenment, information, entertainment.

A sign of the spiritual ferment among the people is the interest shown in family planning. For decades it was believed that the Indian masses were too ignorant and superstitious to want birth control. Social workers approached their clients with a deep scepticism, but they were in for a surprise. Even the common and ignorant people, especially the women, are deeply interested in family planning and want all possible information. Now there is a shortage of workers and material in this field as in all others. As an American observer summarized the situation recently, "A nation that disapproves of itself, that seeks to change peacefully a social structure sanctified by the religion of the majority of its people, has achieved something prideful." But the Indian people face too many difficulties to allow spare time for pride.

The political challenge thrown out by the social awakening is, in some ways, even more momentous than the cultural or intellectual one, although they are part of the same movement. The political experiences of the masses on the occasion of their awakening may condition them for centuries to come, and dangers arise here from two directions. One is the paternalism of an over-solicitous government ready to satisfy the material and cultural needs of the people, even before the people ask for anything. This breeds a sense of passive obedience, as happened in Germany, and makes genuine democracy impossible. The other is that if no leadership arises to articulate the needs of the people, to formulate them and show them the way to fulfillment, there will be anarchy and chaos. The intelligentsia of India faces a challenge which is thrown to a nation only once in its life-time. India must now produce its Washingtons and Jeffersons, must rise to greatness, or cease to be.

White Wings

By JACK LURIA

PUBLIC SCHOOL 147, the elementary school which I attended on the East Side in the early twenties, still stands, an ugly, beetling crag of dull brown-stone. What I remember most about the school is the unremitting struggle of its teachers to make us reverent of cleanliness which, wall mottoes told us, was next to godliness. Since a bathtub was a rarity in the flats in which we lived with our immigrant parents, cleanliness for us was next to impossible. My first-grade teacher meant well, I am sure, but she succeeded only in stirring up in me the contempt for cleanliness of a squalid cockroach.

The war on our dirtiness began the first day I came to school. My mother, God knows, had the pathetic urge for respectability of most immigrants. She had scrubbed immaculate every inch of me which showed. Ear trouble having delayed my schooling, I was big for my almost seven years and chubby. I wore a gleaming white shirt, a red rayon tie, which had been knotted in a great bow, and blue serge pants. I detested the knee pants particularly. Most of the other boys had knickers and black-ribbed stockings. They weren't as clean as I, but how I envied their grown-up appearance!

I felt self-conscious enough; my teacher, a blousy woman with a big voice, compounded my misery. We were no sooner seated than she had us line up for a cleanliness inspection. When her eyes had gone over us all like a stiff-bristled brush, she suddenly called out my name and motioned me to the front of the room. I stood trembling while every child seemed to be trying to bury his head under his desk. At last our teacher boomed, "Harry Kestenberg, you come up too!"

Harry, the son of a perpetually unemployed suspenders-maker, was one of the most unkempt youngsters in the class. Years

of half starvation had given his skin a muddy, gray cast. His head with its mat of coarse black hair was enormous above his small body. Sensitive about his poverty and his appearance, he was quick to sniff out an insult and strike out with his fists.

To my dismay our teacher took my hand and Harry's and held them up side by side for everyone to see. "Notice the difference, boys and girls," she said. "One hand is the hand of a boy who respects himself. His mother cares. He is a clean boy. The other hand—well, class, can you tell me what kind of a boy would have hands like that?"

Most of the class was silent. Only a few toadies called out, "A dirty boy, Mrs. Trainor."

Mrs. Trainor beamed agreement, but Harry's eyes burned with hate for me. He clenched his skinny fists and muttered between his teeth, "Wait until she lets us go. I'll get you."

And he did. I was taller and heavier, but he came at me like a trained boxer. He bloodied my nose, ripped my shirt, rubbed my face in horse manure and threw my red tie into a sewer. Worse still were the cries that came from my classmates who ringed us about: "Let him have it, Harry! . . . Look how clean he is now—the sissy with the pretty red tie!"

Mrs. Trainor's lesson succeeded far more than she ever knew. No matter how spotless my mother sent me out each morning, by the time I reached school I was sure to be as begrimed as the dirtiest among us. Our teacher kept preaching the virtues of soap and well-shined shoes, but she would never pick me out for a glorious example now. Still the mark of the outcast was on me; it had been placed on me that first day of school and was not to be easily erased. Their common dirtiness had at the outset bound the rest of the class together. Harry Kesten-

berg was their champion and I the traitor in their midst. It was to take an act of suffering and penance to cleanse me of the odium Mrs. Trainor had brought on me.

Besides an excess of precept, P. S. 147 had a device to insure our purification: Once every two weeks we marched into the basement for a half-hour period in the shower room. Mr. Jaeger, the shower teacher, was a long, lean blond man with hollow cheeks and the manner of a good inquisitor. He delighted in lining us up naked and lecturing us on body odor. He reminded us how lucky we were to be growing up in America with the privilege of a school shower though he doubted that we were worthy of it. He would make us read in unison the nasty little signs he had tacked up on the walls: "Wash behind your ears. . . . A clean American is a good American. . . . Dirty underwear makes a clean body dirty. . . ."

Once we were under the showers, he kept switching the water temperature from scalding hot to icy cold, grinning while we screamed our discomfort. As we dressed, he often came at us snapping a towel at our bare buttocks and legs. For all this, I presume, he drew a teacher's pay. I hated and feared the shower teacher. Yet it was he who was the unwitting instrument of my climb to grace.

Once a month after our showers Mr. Jaeger made us pass before him like sheep for a shearing while he parted our hair with a tongue depressor and searched for lice. I submitted to this indignity with less reluctance than most of the other kids. My mother had an almost superstitious horror of bugs of any kind. She prided herself that with God's help and frequent dousing with kerosene she had kept her children free of an affliction that was all too common.

I don't know how the shadow of single louse could have broken through my mother's defenses. And yet, one day, there was Mr. Jaeger thrusting me away from him as if I had just come down with smallpox. He soaped and rinsed his hands for a full five minutes before he scribbled a note on a pad, then flipped it at me with the tips of

his fingers. "You go upstairs and give this to Mrs. Trainor right now," he ordered.

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Yes," he mimicked. "Yes what?"

"Yes, Mr. Jaeger," I stammered.

"Filthy and no manners," he said. "Do you know what that note says?"

I knew well enough, but I whispered, "No, Mr. Jaeger."

His eyes gleamed down at me in triumph. "Nits! You've got nits, boy. Hundreds of nits. Know what they are?"

The hushed stares of the other kids converged on me like sunlight through a magnifying glass. I couldn't move my tongue.

"Nits are the eggs of lice," the shower teacher went on. "In another day or two you'll be crawling with white wings—just crawling. Now upstairs with you!"

Loud titters of "White Wings!" pursued me as I shambled out of the shower room. I wanted to cry, but a perverse pride froze my tears. No disgrace, I felt at that moment, could be more abject, more final than this one.

Mrs. Trainor must have sensed what I was going through. She made a notation in her roll book and said very matter-of-factly, "You can go home now. You're excluded from school until the school nurse re-admits you."

My banishment from school had the effect on my mother of an illegitimate birth in the family. "That this should have happened to a child of mine! And I was so careful!" she groaned, the worry lines broad and deep about her pale blue eyes. She dragged me off to the barber's (the most probable breeding place of my distress) and had my hair machined off close to the scalp. Then I was worked over from top to bottom with kerosene and yellow octagon soap.

For a few days I hardly dared show my face outside my door. A full week went by before I gathered the courage to present myself to the school nurse, who grudgingly consented that it might be time to risk exposing the uncontaminated to my uncleanness.

The taunting cries of "White Wings!"

were more than I could endure at first. Yet one day my arch enemy, Harry Kestenberg, sidled up to me, an almost friendly smirk on his sallow face. He said nothing at first but chewed away at a penny twist of licorice in his fist. "Hey, White Wing," he flung at me. That name again, but there was an edge of good humor in his voice. When I turned away, he thrust the licorice at me. "Here, have a hunk!" he said.

I didn't care for licorice, but I tore off a small piece with my teeth. I knew what the

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gesture meant: I could come back now into the circle from which clean face and hands had once driven me.

"White Wings" stuck to me as a nickname long after most of my classmates had forgotten its origin. By the time I was graduated from elementary school it had lost its sting and become a badge of identity. I remember that each time I signed an autograph book I wrote "White Wings" in a flourishing parenthesis after my name.

AIR RAID

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Inside Hitler's Lair

By GABRIEL GERSH

WE WERE LOOKING for Adolf Hitler's house. It was mid-afternoon on a bare and cool day, with the clouds touching the trees, though it was August.

At the very top of the hill we called out to a passing woman and asked her the way. We knew it was somewhere near. Behind us there were the ruins of what must have been a pillbox—white blocks of concrete flung together. She came towards our car slowly, half bending, her eyes narrowed as if she could not see us clearly. Then she said, "Ja, ja, des Führers Haus." (She used the word "Führer" without hesitation.) ". . . there, by Goering's house, just under the road." And she pointed downwards, to where the road looked over the side of the hill, across a long drop. Yet her directions did not seem convincing. It would be a strange place for a house, there on the steepest part of the hill.

There were many other cars around—German, American, English and French. It was like the scene of a great, but somehow casual, pilgrimage. There were no signs; people did not seem to know exactly what to look for, and everything lay in a strange hush, perhaps only because we were at the top of a very high hill, almost a mountain. From here the vast, long valleys below began to look like ditches covered with moss and the mountains on either side resembled boulders that could be found in a field, so that one could not tell whether there were two miles or twenty between them.

We drove to the end of the road, where she had pointed, and stopped. We walked to the edge and looked down, but there was only a grassy slope and trees beyond. Below us, to the left, we could see the hotel now used by American troops as a rest center. We had passed it on the way up, and we knew that the gutted and half-ruined build-

ing at its side, looking like a long-neglected stable, had once been a hotel for Hitler's guests, for diplomats and friends when they came to visit him at the house. The American hotel was erected almost straight on top of it, a new, bright building arising out of a ruin, with a terrace overlooking Berchtesgaden. It seemed odd to me that the two should be so close together, indeed touching. The gutted windows of Hitler's hotel were boarded up, and the roof was still unrepairs. But perhaps a contrast had been intended.

Cars were parked in front of it, and I could see people strolling around in the courtyard taking photographs. On another hill to its right there were more people. It seemed to me they were examining something—an aerial or beacon perhaps—but it was impossible to say what from that distance.

Near us, on our own hill, were other groups of people staring below as we were, their cars parked behind them. Now and then one group would glance at the other, as if for a sign as to why we had all come. The hill itself offered us no explanation—only a few roads, a ruined pillbox, a gutted hotel, and for the rest trees with a slight wind blowing through them. If there had been signs—"To Goering's house," "To Hitler's house," "To the Personal Bodyguards' house," "To the Bunker,"—our reasons for coming would have seemed clearer. But all we had was our curiosity, and that was itself mysterious to us. Our coming had turned the place into a kind of shrine, but the shrine was altarless and unblessed.

And I noticed that when we passed these other people on our way back to the car we did not hear any of them speak. Like us, they were talking in hushed voices. I was an American with English friends; the others

were French and German. It was as if Hitler was a mystery, and perhaps a guilt common to all of us.

Just before I got back into the car I noticed behind us a dark gravelled space which did not rise gradually with the hill but in three tiers of equal size. I began to wonder what this could be. Perhaps it was the foundation of some future building. Then I said, "This might have been Hitler's house." I had heard that it was now in complete ruin, and it struck me that perhaps the invading troops — or S.S. troops before them — had taken away every stone, tile, and brick. But there was no one to ask. And it seemed an absurd place for a house, after all, immediately on the road like that, and cut off from a direct view of the Bavarian hills. The tiers could as easily be the site of a new cafe, for over thirteen years had passed since the end of the war, though it was very difficult to realize that because of the look of the gutted hotel and pillbox. I had seen other German places with just that look of disorder, lying under the same hush, just after the war.

So we drove down to the lower road again, where the hotel was, and once more we asked the way. This time it was a man, dressed in the traditional lederhosen and green felt hat of Bavaria. He, too, used the word *Führer* without any hesitation, and he spoke rather casually, hardly glancing down at us as we sat in the car. He told us how to get there, crisply and slowly, as if he had heard the same question asked many times before and in the same hushed, rather forbidden tone. Perhaps he was one of the workers whom Hitler had specially transported from other parts of Germany to work on the hill. Or perhaps he had been a waiter at Hitler's hotel, even a servant in the house itself. Certainly on his face was a kind of dedicated look; and also the casualness of his answer seemed to accuse us—not us as foreigners, for we were in a German car, but as sight-seers. He seemed to say, "Oh, yes, you all come and visit his shrine, but he died in your name. You can't have him

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back. . . ." There was an absolutely assured and calm pride in his voice when he said, "Der Führer . . ."

And this time, following his directions, we found what remained of the house. We drove up the hill again to where the road turned suddenly, just short of where we had been standing before. Above us, on a little crest, we saw an inn, still half ruined—this must be the "Personal Bodyguards' Quarters," we thought. And in front of us lay a black pile, simply a rise in the ground with grass beginning to grow over it. This was Hitler's house. We climbed up over the mass of bricks, chipped stone, piping and rotten wood—worn smooth now and very hard on the feet—until we reached the top. Not one of the walls was standing. There was only this hard, black platform of rubble. I noticed we had come up by a winding path between the weeds, trodden there by so many visitors year after year. Two young boys dressed in dark leather rain coats were standing silently on the edge of the platform, a few yards apart, gazing out across the mountains. Behind us rose a green slope with fir-trees and bushes, very quiet and undisturbed, and the back windows of the house must have opened straight on to this view. I wandered around among the bricks, kicking at the rubbish in the hope of finding something interesting. But there were only earth and brick-dust. I thought I might take a piece of brick and keep it on the desk in my room, but then I forgot all about it. There was a piece of matted, burnt straw at the edge of the platform, and it struck me that this might have been part of a thatched roof. And I came across a sudden hole which may once have led to a cellar, even to the bunker itself, but when I peered down I could see only empty cigarette cartons, paper bags, and orange peels.

Standing near us there were two young couples, and I noticed that one of them was talking in a very animated way, but almost in a whisper, while the others leaned forward close to him, concentrating. Now and then they glanced cautiously around them

as they listened, nodding as if to say, "Really? So that was how it was? That was how they arranged things here?" I imagined to myself that he had been one of Hitler's personal troops and that he was telling them how he had opened his window on to just this green slope behind them on so many occasions. He spoke as if he had special knowledge of the place and they were ignorant. He kept pointing, and the others would follow his hand slowly, a little hesitantly, as if they thought that someone might suddenly rush across and expose them for seditious thinking. It was strange how everyone here looked as though he was aware of being watched and over-heard.

There was nothing else to see; so we decided to go up the "Personal Bodyguards' Quarter" on the crest. Clearly it had once been bombed: the walls and roof were intact, but everything looked ramshackle, with piles of cement and sand in the cobbled yard outside, as if repairs were only beginning. One of the workers was standing on the roof, tall and clear against the sky, and at this moment, as we climbed up from Hitler's house, he was gazing out across the mountains into Austria, altogether lost, his tools forgotten in his hands. All the time we climbed he did not move.

The place was now an inn, and through one of the windows I saw a cosy room with a scrubbed, wooden, farm-house floor and a stove. We walked around to the stables and here we saw the first sign—"The Bunker"—with an arrow pointing to the back of the house, where there was a kind of kiosk. At first it was difficult to see where the entrance to the bomb shelter could be, but then we realized that it must actually be inside this pavilion. A young man dressed in a bright summer-suit, shirt, and lederhosen was leaning against the counter quietly attending to some accounts, pencil in hand. He did not glance up as we came nearer.

On a stand at his side there were photographs of Hitler's house as it had been before the war—an expensive mountain chalet with the typical over-lapping roof of the Bavarian

country, looking very white and tidy in the sunlight. We began glancing through them. They were all the same—just the house, its windows, and main door closed, on a still summer's day. Then we found others, taken from precisely the same position, which showed it in a ruined state, its windows blasted out but the walls and part of the roof intact. These confused us even more, and we wanted to ask the young man questions. None of us know how the house had become a mere black pile of rubble, but we thought the demolition had been done by Allied troops.

First, we asked him where the entrance to the Bunker was, and he raised his eyes slowly. He had a sharp face, ruddy from the mountain winds, and round, rather staring eyes. He did not speak at once but pointed behind him to a concrete opening, almost hidden in the shadows.

"Can we go down?"

"Certainly. The price is a mark."

Then we asked about the photographs and, pointing to the first ones, he told us that Hitler had not built the house himself but bought it from a private owner soon after he came to power. He spoke to us casually, giving us the information in a flat tone, as if he had been asked the same questions many times before and had his answers pat. We asked him which of the Allied troops had done the damage and he replied, glancing down at his accounts again, "None." No Allied troops had done it; they had only seen it in its demolished state as we had seen it a few minutes before. The house had first been bombed from the air and then, when the war was over, it was razed to the ground by the last S.S. troops, so that not a sign should remain.

"But we thought the Allies had done it."

"No." And he added with quiet pride, "They did it themselves."

He spoke with unmistakable pride, yet he was too young to have fought in the war. And it struck me that what I had sensed in the other man, when he told us the way up here, was perhaps no devoutness for the

memory of Hitler at all but simply the pride of one who had been elected high priest by so many awed faces day after day all inquiring the same thing—"Hitler's house? the Bodyguards? the Bunker?" He may even have come to that road day after day in the tourist season just to enjoy a moment's importance. . . . Perhaps we had brought the mystery with us, and these inhabitants were doing no more than bowing to our need. And there was the money to be made. . . .

Then, after we had paid the entrance fee, the young man gave us each a typewritten sheet on which the lay-out of the underground rooms was described: "1. Entrance to the administration and Bormann-Bunker; 2. machine-gun position; 3. entrance to the heating and fresh-air system; 4. dogs kennels. . . ." And at the bottom were written the words: "Further there are the state archives, telephone-central, kitchen, bathroom and toilets of the bodyguard unit, which cannot be visited because of the lack of lighting." Each sheet bore a circular stamp in blue ink: "Hotel Turken. Neben Hitler-Haus."

We descended the concrete well, down a narrow, spiral staircase, and we could hear a man's voice echoing in one of the corridors below as he explained something loudly in German. At the bottom the first thing we came to was a machine-gun emplacement—two square holes in the wall and firing steps. I peered through these holes, hoping to see across the mountains, but they were closed, perhaps immovably now.

We were not yet in the shelter itself. Before us there was another staircase, steep and long, with electric bulbs fixed in the ceiling at intervals and a gutter to drain the sewerage under the planks. Everything was silent now, apart from the trickling of mountain water.

Our footsteps echoed as if we were wearing heavy leather shoes. The first word that came into my head as we walked down, staring at the foot of the stairs below, was evil. I imagined Hitler being shown the shelter for the first time and the clear, rasp-

ing tones of his staff, their heels sounding out on the concrete steps as ours were now. At the bottom there was another machine-gun emplacement. Then the living quarters began, on either side of a long corridor.

One room was much like another, its walls doorless and bare, with light-brackets and pipes hanging down, and at floor-level little air-vents which led from the fresh-air system at the end of the corridor, clogged now with cigarette cartons and waste paper. On the right we passed the two dog-kennels—low, dark tunnels cut into the wall, like lions' dens, with cage doors. In the first room we came to, that belonging to a bodyguard unit, someone had emptied a magazine of bullets into the ceiling and walls, hardly chipping them.

Hitler's room was neither bigger nor more elaborate than the others. The water pipes and sockets were twisted and smashed, and the walls dividing the inner rooms were in ruins. Clearly the shelter had never been lived in, for there was no trace of a bath or wash-basin anywhere, only the pipes necessary for them and tiles on the floor.

I began to wonder what truth this typewritten plan in our hands could have: perhaps it had never been decided which room should be allotted to whom and the list had been drawn up by the owners of the hotel above us in the interest of tourism. But at the foot of the list there were the words "Eva Braun's Bath -, Dressing -, Bed -, and Living-room." This promised to be the most exciting thing of all. So we hurried down to the end of the corridor, the safest and most secluded part, where her quarters lay. We were not alone in the shelter. Yet there was hardly a sound—only the shuffling of feet as people walked from one room to another, seldom talking.

And here, in Eva Braun's room, things were a little different. For one thing, the quarters were larger and the bath-room was more elaborate than the others. One could actually see the lay-out of the four rooms as they would have been. Of all the inner walls dividing the dressing, living, and bedroom

from each other, only that belonging to the bath-room was still standing; and a large hole had been kicked or machine gunned into that. The damage was more severe here than anywhere else in the shelter. More people had come here. They had crowded into the bath-room just as we were crowding now, waiting for the others to come out. In all the other rooms we had been alone; but here there were several small groups of people milling about.

The piping which would have led to the bath was savagely twisted, the tiles on the wall had been ripped or kicked away, and the light sockets had been torn again and again out of their beds so that they hung now from limp, dusty wires. The walls were covered with writing in pencil. Up to now we had only seen names scrawled here and there, those rather sad messages written by American tourists for posterity—"Ada and Jack P—, Westport, Conn." But here all the walls were covered. Above where Eva Braun's bath would have been someone had written in German, "Adolf and Eva, the Devil Pair," and on another wall, under a Star of David, there were the words, again in German, "This is what happens to those who oppose the Jews." Under a Nazi swastika there were six names in block capitals. Day after day for more than ten years people had come here and spent their fury, muffled under the earth. And no doubt when they had emerged from the concrete rubbish back again into the quiet stable-yard they had looked ordinary and safe, spectators like ourselves.

Most of the scrawled messages were obliterated now by fresh coats of whitewash. Perhaps at the end of every day the custodian came along the corridor with a brush and a pail of whitewash, to wipe out the worst obscenities and curses, especially in Eva Braun's bath-room.

We walked back up the long staircase and I lifted one of the planks covering the gutter. It ran like a hidden mountain stream underneath, the water very clear, its concrete bed worn after the passage of more than

twenty years into the color and smoothness of a damp cave-floor. It seemed quite unbelievable—more than twenty years since it had all begun, yet we were still awed and hushed and moved to anger by the memory.

We came up into the pavilion again, past the young man in a bright summer shirt and around to the front of the inn, where we had planned to have tea. The clouds were still very low and dark, and the air was motionless. The entrance hall of the inn, with its full-length portrait of a woman in a trailing evening-gown, perhaps the owner, must have looked like the hall of a great estate in the old days when it had been furnished and carpeted. The face in the portrait had style and dignity; it was not a peasant woman's face.

We sat by a window overlooking the mountains beyond Berchtesgaden, and one of the girls brought us strawberry cake and cream. There were two rooms, and in the other one behind us, an old man was talking to a group of German sight-seers. He had a healthy, flushed, lean face and he was telling them how life had been in this same inn when it had been occupied by members of the bodyguard. He told how he had been their host, how they had enjoyed many a party in these same rooms during the winter nights, and how well they had all eaten. They would come in, from a conference, say, and they would order coffee perhaps, or ham and eggs. Then, strangely, a moment after he had said these words, one of the German men to whom he was talking burst out with—but in English, "Ja? Ja? Ham and eggs?" He cried out with that encouraging, polite wonder of the tourist being told anecdotes by a guide, as if all of this—the house of the bodyguards and the Bunker—was very remote from him, as remote at least as the English and Americans with their ham and eggs, legendary and a little unreal.

And it struck me again and again on that mountain how quiet we Americans and Europeans were. We had all become spectators of the past and even of ourselves. It was as if our heads could not grasp what our hands had done.

from SAGES, CHRONICLERS, and SCRIBES

Within the limitations of space assigned to this project, writings and memorabilia centuries old will be published and experiences will be depicted which were of vast and primary importance in the little-remembered, long-ago annals of Jewry and other minorities.—Editor.

A JEWISH YOUTH OF BOHEMIA OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE FOLLOWING TEXT is an autobiography written by a Jew at the beginning of the 18th century. The author was probably about fifty years old when he wrote the story of the first seventeen years of his life. Though he painstakingly lists the names of all his relatives, he somehow forgot to mention his own name.

The author's description of his life in a village of Bohemia in the second part of the seventeenth century is vivid. He paints a picture of the different classes of Jews of his times and relates his own touching fate of an orphan without a mother. In his descrip-

tion of the terrible epidemic of 1681 he clearly reveals the ability of an epic writer.

Because of the scarcity of Jewish autobiographical material, this text represents quite an interesting human document, done in a style very readable for the time in which it was written. The Hebrew original of the autobiography, and an English translation, were published by the late Professor Alexander Marx in 1918 in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*. The English translation was reprinted in 1944 in Marx' *Studies in Jewish History and Booklore*. This text is a slightly abridged reprint of Marx' translation.

I can trace my family tree for only four generations. I learned from my grandfather Jacob that his father, Abraham ha-Levi, had come to Bohemia from Poland as a young man possessed of considerable scholarly attainments. He married in Holin, Bohemia, and died soon after the birth of his son Jacob, my grandfather. As the latter was left an orphan in childhood, he did not know from which city his father had come and to what family he belonged. . . . This whole family lived in Prague. My grandfather had many sons, but they all died early, and only my father, Abraham ha-Levi, and two daughters, Rebekkah and Pessel, were spared. My father devoted himself to the study of the Torah in his youth, being an only son, and he showed acumen and skill in Talmudic debates which brought him recognition from prominent men and scholars. They married

him to a girl of a very prominent family, Gnendel, the daughter of R. Jehezkel of Chelm, in Little Poland. The latter, my grandfather, died in Poland before the time of the terrible persecutions under Chmielnicki, and my grandmother, Nuhah, remained a widow with three sons and two little daughters. I was told that she was a good, energetic, and clever woman, and supported her family comfortably up to the time of the great uprising throughout Poland, when she fled with them to Nikolsburg, Moravia, to her brother, the famous R. Menahem Mendel Krochmal . . . who was then Rabbi of that community and of the whole of Moravia. In his house my mother was brought up. When he died, his son, R. Judah Loeb, succeeded him, and he married my mother to my father, and gave her a large dowry as if she had been his own daughter. He arranged the wedding splen-

didly, and my father then brought her to his house. At the time he lived in Meseritsch, Moravia. My grandfather, Jacob ha-Levi, was then rich and prosperous. My grandmother, his wife, was very pious and charitable, and went every morning and evening to the synagogue, and so was my mother Gnendel even in a higher degree; she was, moreover, a very intelligent woman. My father continued to study the Torah. Three or four years after the wedding, in the winter, the Mohammedans and Tartars swept over Moravia to destroy it, and all fled in confusion and terror to Bohemia. My grandfather, who was a rich man, lost nearly all his property, so that but very little of their fortune remained in their hands. My grandfather, his wife, two daughters, and my father and mother with the rest of the family remained in Bohemia. They finally came to Lichtenstadt, where my father secured a post as an elementary Hebrew teacher. He remained there for a few years, then he returned and found his house entirely empty. My mother then showed her ability in supporting the family by her own efforts, and started to manufacture brandy out of oats in a copper alembic, as was the custom in those parts. This was hard labor, but she succeeded. In the meantime my father pursued his studies. One day a holy man, R. Loeb, the Rabbi of Trebitsch, . . . came to our town and stayed in our house. When he saw the troubles of my mother, his cousin, he had pity on her, and gave my father some gold and silver merchandise, such as rings, to get him used to trade in an honest and intelligent way. My father was successful and did a good business. Incidentally this brought him the acquaintance of the Count who owned the city. The latter liked him, and turned over to him the distillery in which they were working with seven great kettles, and he gave him servants to do the work and grain to prepare brandy. . . . From that time he became prominent. My mother bore him first a daughter who died, then three sons, my rich and prominent brother Kalman, my poor self, and a son Moses, who died during the year after his mother's death.

When my mother was at last able to rest from her hard work, she fell sick in consequence of the heat, the vapors of the fire and the fumes of the brandy, and she died at the age of thirty-four years. There was no one in our town or outside of it who was like her in wisdom, piety, and charity. . . . I was then four years old, and my older brother seven. In the course of the next year my father married again a great lady, Freidel. At the same time he gave his sister Pessel to his brother-in-law Samuel for a wife, so that they made an exchange. The wife of my father was herself still a young child who did not know how to bring us up in cleanliness as is necessary with little boys, nor could she properly care for us when we were sick. We have to thank God and the help of our grandmother Lieble, and her good daughters, that we grew up at all. Even so little Moses, who was only one year old, died.

After my mother's death my father began to strive for prominence and power, for as long as my mother lived she kept him back and reproved him as a mother does with her son. His father also, may God forgive him, was all his life hot-tempered and quarrelsome, and from him my father, if I may be forgiven for saying so, had partly inherited the same temperament. . . . But he found his match, who paid him back in his own coin. For there arose against him wicked men with whom my father had quarreled for years, and who had fallen under his power through his influence with the Count. Now the Count sold his property after three years and . . . left my father in the hands of another Count who had bought the town; but the latter was not as favorable to my father as the former. . . . His enemies ruined his reputation with the Count. The latter made charges against him in connection with the "Branntweinhaus" and other business matters, and put him into prison for two months. . . . The Count . . . expelled my father . . . while my grandfather fled in secret with my grandmother, for he owed money to many Gentiles and could not pay them. I was at that time seven years old. My father found a temporary shelter in the town

of Humpoletz, a town of wool-weavers, and he traded there for a year, while I was cut off from study and good deeds and left to myself. He then went to a village, Wassov, for the Count had in the meantime returned from the military expedition and bought this village, and my father followed him there. As for myself, I was constantly going back in my studies as well as in manners and conduct. After a while my father decided to send me to Prague, which was a day's journey. My older brother was also there; it was winter then, and I was nine years old. There, too, I did nothing, for my father did not know how to arrange matters properly, and in his endeavor to save money he placed me for a small sum in the charge of a teacher who took little care of me, while I needed great attention if I was to be taught with any success. At that time my power of comprehension and my memory were weak as a result of illness. I was full of ulcers, and the meals I ate were very unwholesome for me, for it is the custom in Prague to eat at the midday meal peas and millet with a little butter, which proved very injurious to me. But nobody looked out for me to give me medical treatment. Although my father came several times to Prague he did not notice this. I gratefully remember R. Loeb Fleckles, who gave me meals in his house and kept me for about six months for a small sum, my father paying him about six gulden a month. He wished me to be a companion for his son Simon who was then five years old, and I helped him by taking him to school and going over his lessons with him. . . . My father wished to save money and took me home; my older brother was there at the time also. He thought that he himself would teach us, and my brother, who was thirteen or fourteen years old, actually learned from him haggadic literature, such as Rashi and Midrashim. . . . My father started to teach me Gemara . . . once or twice, though I had never before studied Talmud or even Mishna. Thus a long time passed by without my learning anything, until I became a thorn in my own eyes and even more so in the eyes of my father, because I was a boor brought

up in dirt without any cleanliness, for the lack of a mother; and I remember that at the age of eleven I ran around barefooted and without trousers, and no one cared. My father then had many little children, for his wife bore him almost every year a son or a daughter. . . . My brother was a strong boy who did hard work in the slaughter-house and made himself otherwise useful, while I was oppressed by all the members of the house; everybody ordered me around. . . . In 5440 (1680) a plague broke out in Bohemia, and especially in Prague. From that city the Rabbi . . . came with his wife . . . and they stayed with us in our house in the village. I still remember the great modesty of that scholar who was willing to take the trouble to teach me like a school teacher. But his wife, who domineered over him, did not permit him to carry out his good intention. In the course of Tammuz I fell sick, and the symptoms of the plague became apparent. For three days and nights I had high fever, and was near death. Then a swelling which burned like fire broke out behind my ear on the neck, and all the members of the family became frightened. The Rabbi and his wife noticed it, and fled from our house to the house of his uncle. . . . The plague was then raging all around our village, and the Count established a "lazaretto," i.e., a small wooden house of two rooms in the midst of a big forest about a mile away from his castle. If some one fell sick in one of the villages he was driven out of his house with all his belongings, and had to go into that forest. The Count had set aside an open space some yards wide all around his castle, which only those living in the castle were permitted to approach. He kept only very few people in his castle, and enclosed himself there, and never left it with his people. He admitted no outsider except my father, who was clever, and with whom he liked to talk, and he wanted him to appear before him and stay with him most of the day. He had ordered my father to act in the same way, and to forbid his family to leave the house or to admit strangers. He also told him that if, God forbid, a member

of his own family should fall sick, he should not conceal it, but of his own accord should leave the house and go with everything into the forest. He warned my father that if he were to find out that my father had concealed such a thing he would permit the Gentiles to burn the house down with all the inmates in it. When my father now realized that he had the plague in his house he was very much upset, and did not know what to do. To carry out the order of the Count and to go with his family into the forest would involve grave danger, for the fact would become known to the inhabitants of the villages, who are mostly wicked men, thieves, and murderers, lying in wait for the blood and the property of Jews. Even in the cities they love to oppress and rob them in their houses; how much greater then was the danger of their coming to murder us in the forest! He therefore decided to hide me in the garret, asking his father Jacob ha-Levi to take care of me, which he did, although he was an old man himself. He tended me so carefully that no other member of the household needed to come to the room in which I stayed, hoping that this perhaps might prevent the plague from attacking others. In this way he stayed with me about six days. But one day slanderers came to the Count and reported they had seen my grandfather with another Jew, a certain Saul Pollack, who lived in our house with his wife, go together to other villages in which the plague was raging, to trade there. At once the Count decreed the expulsion of both from his territory at the risk of jeopardizing their lives if they should be seen there again. Then my grandfather was compelled to leave me alone on my sick-bed, for it was dangerous to hide, as they would have searched for him in all the rooms, and if I had been discovered it would have involved danger for all. Therefore both had to leave the territory under the eyes of the Count. But God took pity on my suffering, seeing that there was no one to attend to me, and sent me full recovery, and what was particularly fortunate, the abscess did not open again when there was no one to take care of me, but it

went down daily by the grace of God. For there happened to come to us the brother of my father's wife, . . . who told my father how to prepare a plaster from the white of an egg with a little alum, about the size of a nut. Both of these had to be stirred quickly and carefully in a little kettle until it turned solid. He followed this advice. The plaster was handed to me from a distance and I put it on, although I was only a boy of twelve and sick, for I had been compelled to devise ways of how to take proper care of myself. Similarly they brought my meals to the top of the staircase, and put them down near the door of the staircase, which they closed at once. I had to get up from my bed to take them. I lay there alone day and night, and at that time I saw apparitions and dreamed dreams. That I remained alive was against the laws of nature. God in his mercy gave me strength so that I improved from day to day, the fever left me, and only the place of the swelling was burning like fire, and my whole face was red. One day, however, our Gentile neighbors, who noticed my absence, began to say to one another: "See what these Jews did; one of their children evidently died of the plague, and they have concealed it. As trusty servants of the Count we ought to go and tell him, and take our revenge on the Jews." When this rumor reached the ears of our family, my father cleverly ordered me to dress, to fold a linen cloth around my neck, and put it on in such a way that the redness could not be seen. He urged me to be courageous, and asked me to go through the garden, over the fields, and to return along the river, passing the houses of the Gentiles and the castle. If somebody were to ask me whence I came I should answer that I was coming from school, that I had stayed with a teacher in the village . . . two miles away, and had felt the desire to come home. I did so and, thank God, I ran and jumped like a young deer, passed the castle and the village, and was seen by many Christians, who were thus put to shame, and their scheme failed. Many of our neighbors came to the store to tell my father: "Your son whom we thought dead has returned." He

answered them, "You are dead, but we live for ever"; they almost revealed to him what had been in their minds. My father further showed his cleverness by telling my older brother to put a ladder to our fruit-tree in the garden and order me to ascend the tree nearest the street of the village so that all passers-by should see that I was well. He also ordered me to be playful with the village-children, to throw fruits into their faces, and to call at them and jest with them. I obeyed and laughed while my heart felt bitter. Thus it was through God's counsel that the rumors stopped. I repeated this several times, but I could not appear before them often, lest they should notice the change in my appearance, for I never used to go with a neck-cloth before, and now it was already some days since I had returned from my journey. Once I saw a Gentile going before me with his hand on his cheeks, for he suffered from toothache, and his face looked drawn; I jestingly remarked, "Woe unto you, I am afraid you suffer from the plague." I said this to show how healthy and merry I was, following my father's order. But he answered back, "You have the plague yourself; remove that cloth from your neck, and the swelling will be seen underneath." I was frightened and hid myself, but God made the Gentiles blind and forgetful.

After a month I came down to the house and mingled with my brothers and sisters as before, participating in the common meals, and no one paid attention to it. I grew stouter and stronger after this. In the year 5441 (1680) in the beginning of the month of Tishri, the plague stopped in Prague, but in the rest of Bohemia it spread to such an extent that people became tired of keeping away from one another. In our village many even among the people of the castle fell sick and died. My sister Leah, who was then six years old, got the swelling characteristic of the plague, but it was not so dangerous, even though it became public, since the Count had become weary of taking precautions, and my father did not come to him. . . . In some villages all the male population died out, and only a few women were

left. No one was there to take charge of the dead, who could not be buried, for it was winter and the earth was as hard as marble, and there was a heavy snowfall in those parts; so they only covered them with snow, and often wolves came and ate the corpses, and sometimes dogs scratched the snow off the bodies. May God have pity on their souls, and may they be bound up in the bundle of life with the other righteous. In our house, thank God, no one died. Only the aforementioned Saul died from the plague two months after the Count had expelled him, so that even this turned out to our good, for in this way he did not die in our house.

In this winter my father made great profits, and was successful in all his transactions with various kinds of merchandise. From my own impulse I made up my mind to go to some Jewish community to study Torah. For I was ignorant, and God had shown his great mercy to us. My father promised, but did not keep his word; I often saw guests come (with whom my father went away) and he had promised to take me with him to Moravia, but he changed his mind. This happened several times, and the obstacle was that the necessary clothing for me was not ready, as no one looked upon me with kindness. My father's wife had her hands full with her own little ones. One night before my father was to leave I was awake the whole night sewing for myself sheepskins which are called Pelz, and I made a kind of long gown for underwear, and something for my feet. I took secretly some shirts so that my father should not notice anything, and before daybreak I went to the place where the sleigh was prepared for my father, and stayed there. When he came it was still dark before daylight, and when he noticed me he thought the house-dog was there, and he wanted to kick him away. I then said, "Father, this is thy son who is ready to serve thee on the way which I take in order to study." There were many strangers present, business men, who had come to buy wool. They saw my good resolve, though I was very young, and urged my father to take me along; they were sure I would be-

come a great scholar and a good man. My father then answered that it was impossible to take me along, for I had no proper clothing and it was very cold. I then showed my cleverness, and how I had prepared for myself everything necessary for the journey. He finally agreed and took me along; but the cold was so severe that several times I thought I was going to die; the snow was falling and the wind blew it into our faces, and it caused my father great pain. . . . I was left there in the house of a teacher, R. Jacob, from Gaya, and he started to study with me Rashi, Midrash, other haggadic texts, and the Sayings of the Fathers. He noticed that I could not read properly through the fault of my first teacher, who had not instructed me well. The little I had known I had forgotten, and I was in great trouble, for the new teacher was of an irritable temper, and had neither composure nor common sense. He hit me and put me to shame, but did not make good my deficiency, and only taught me the melodies for the readings from the Torah and the Hafatas and a little Haggada and the Sayings of the Fathers. I asked questions and searched in the haggadic passages, but as he often laughed at me I stopped. This was surely a grave mistake, but teachers are foolish, and do not realize the harm they do.

I remained with him from Adar 1, 5441 (1681) till the middle of Tammuz, boarding in his house. During the first two months, when he had to slaughter calves, he gave me good meals, the spleen and part of the liver, but when the time of slaughtering calves had passed, my meals became worse and worse, for poor though he was, he was rather fastidious, and he and his wife ate the good things themselves and gave me coarse village bread, which caused me severe headaches and stomach trouble. I was there all alone with no relative near; all the townspeople noticed my appearance and questioned me; if I had told them it might have helped a little, but I was very modest and humble and God-fearing, and I thought it would be a sin to rebel against my teacher. In the middle of Tammuz, while the teacher was

away from home, my father came in company with his brother-in-law, Samson, and stayed for some time in the town. His brother-in-law had a son, Sender, who studied together with me and knew all my troubles. He told my father everything, and although I contradicted him, my father believed Sender and took me away from Hermanitz and brought me to Meseritsch, my birthplace, where all my family on my father's side lived; here my two aunts were married, and I had my meals in the house of my aunt Pessel and her husband Samuel, the brother of my stepmother. There was also there a good and intelligent teacher, Mordecai from Ungarisch Brod. I went to minyan (became Bar-Mitzva) on Sabbath Nahamu; they furnished me with new clothes, and boys of the same age who knew more than I did were jealous of me. They could follow the teacher in the study of Talmud with Tosafot which I did not know before, and only began for the first time to study here. They were younger and went in torn clothes and rags, as it was usual in those parts. Therefore they annoyed me and tried to disgrace and insult me, so that I became almost weary of my life. The women of the community all praised me because I was modest and treated them with respect; that was another cause of jealousy. Their parents also were jealous of my father and myself; some of them were really bad—one Aaron . . . I am sure is still hated by the people for his wicked deeds, which I had occasion to observe; the other Jonathan . . . a genuine lunatic, is now, I believe, a scholarly man. Sometimes he would be friendly with me. My intentions were to devote myself exclusively to study and good deeds, but there were many obstacles; I suffered from sickness, I had boils on my whole body and headaches, my schoolmates were wild and ill-mannered, and our teacher flattered us and never wanted to exert himself; what I needed was a regular tutor, but he never employed assistants, nor did he take pains himself. . . . At the end of the summer he left the place, and the community engaged in his place the pious R. Lazar of Cracow,

who was married to a pious, sensible, intelligent woman, and gifted with all good qualities. He taught us Talmud and Tosafot; she taught us the fear of God and a virtuous life. He took great pains to teach me. May he be praised and rewarded for it. He of all my teachers was the one who gave me the key and taught me more than all those I had before or after, except what I studied for myself. Still the whole situation was far from satisfactory, for he too failed to employ an assistant, and sometimes he fell sick; he was also very irascible, while I suffered from headaches during the whole winter. In the summer 5442 (1682) the old teacher returned with his wife Blumele; they had no children, and flattered the pupils and their parents. We learned with him a little; . . . moreover, I already began to study a little Talmud for myself. Altogether I stayed in Meseritsch two years and two months. Then many Jews from Moravia came to Meseritsch, Trebitsch, and Polna on account of the war, for the Turks came to besiege Vienna. I then returned to our house at Wostrow, and stayed there the whole winter in greater discomfort than ever. Everybody, including my older brother, ill-treated me; I was still sick and looked bad till the winter had passed. Then, at the age of fifteen, I went to Prague, with no knowledge of the life in a large community. In spite of this I found maintenance in the house of a rich man, Moses Ginzburg, who had two little boys. They really needed a tutor better fitted that I was to guide them in study and understanding. I had never tried this before, and could only stay with them a short time. Then God sent me a happy chance, . . . a boy ten years of age, who knew better how to behave than I did, the only son of rich parents, fondled and spoiled. By the help of God he did not rebel against me. I had only to go over his studies with him. His parents were charitable people; their house was outside the street (ghetto), on a large pleasant place; there I gained strength and health. I lived with them about two years; I felt as if I dwelt amid roses, and never in my life did

I feel as happy as in those two years. But unfortunately no one looked out for me, and I fell into bad company. They talked to me constantly about women, and led me in their ways. We were a bad set of young men, of different ages, wasting our time with useless things and fooling with girls, as was their habit. I finally came to think that this is the whole aim of life, since during the entire time we never spoke of anything but of following the inclinations of the heart. The greater part of my days I spent with my young friends who lived an immoral life. Among them were some who were over twenty-three years old, and had more Talmudic knowledge and better manners than I. Therefore, with the consent of my father, I joined them and followed in their footsteps, like the blind in the dark, thinking in my simplicity that the purpose of good manners was to find favor in the eyes of the girls, and that this is human happiness in one's youth. Even in the house where I lived the young working men who were employed in building carriages for the noblemen were a bad sort; their ring-leader was a certain Abraham Bass, who was boisterous and wild, so that I was under evil influences from all sides. I was more passionate at that time than ever again in my life. How happy should I be now if my father had then given me a wife. I would have raised a large family, no doubt, in my early life, and would now have been in a position to retire from all worldly affairs.

Now, unfortunately, I am devoid of wisdom and intelligence, without sons and spouse. I wish to retire from the affairs of this world, but I do not know whether, after all, it would not be better for me to marry; possibly I might have pious children and a capable wife who would be a help to me. I wait for an answer from God, that he notify me by a sign or a dream or a verse, of which I might think when I wake up, or which a child might answer when I ask for its lesson. May I be successful according to the wish of God. Amen.

BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 179 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto. The Journal of Emmanuel Ringelblum. Edited by Jacob Sloan. McCraw Hill. 359 pp. \$5.95.

In 1940, when this reviewer was working for the Palcor News Agency, cables were reaching the Palcor office every day about Hitler Europe and the name of Emmanuel Ringelblum cropped up regularly. Apparently he was one of the most influential Jewish leaders in Poland and whatever news came out of Poland regarding Jews in one way or another involved Ringelblum.

Today, his name has become immortalized because of his connection with the Warsaw Ghetto. He also was the prototype of Noach Levinson in John Hersey's *The Wall*. Ringelblum was the historian of the Warsaw Ghetto, the man who headed a staff of Jewish scholars in the ghetto who laboriously gathered facts and information about the Jews living there in the years when the Nazis exterminated more than 90 per cent of the Jews in the ghetto. In addition to the archives collected and collated by Ringelblum, the Jewish historian also kept a private diary, which was begun a year before work started on the archives. In March, 1944, Ringelblum, his wife, his 12-year-old son and 35 other Jews who shared his bunker in the ruins of Warsaw, were executed by the Germans. The archives were buried in two sections deep under the ruins of the ghetto. The first section was found in 1946 and the second, in 1950. Ringelblum's own notes were found sealed in a milk can.

Many Jews in the ghetto were busy writing down their experiences. Ringelblum explained that, "Everyone wrote . . . journalists and writers, of course. But also teachers, public men, young people—even children. Most of them kept diaries where the tragic

events of the day were reflected through the prism of personal experience. A tremendous amount was written; but the vast majority of the writings was destroyed with the annihilation of Warsaw Jewry during the resettlement days. All that has remained is the material we have preserved in our ghetto archives."

And Ringelblum added, "And then there were my own notes . . . They are particularly important for the first year of the war, when other people were not keeping diaries. My weekly and monthly reports not only gave the facts about the most important happenings of the time—they also offered an evaluation of them. Because I was active in the community, these evaluations of mine are important as expressions of what the surviving remnant of the Jewish community have thought about their everyday problems.

This version of *Notes From the Warsaw Ghetto* is based upon a selection first published in Yiddish in 1948. Jacob Sloan, a skilled translator, has done a remarkable job of editing and translating Ringelblum's journal. His introduction and his editorial comments preceding the four sections of the book are invaluable and the total work is a significant contribution to Jewish history.

Unfortunately, the hell described in this volume is so depressing and shocking that the book makes morbid and unpleasant—but necessary—reading.

Ringelblum does not spare the Jews in the ghetto who were smugglers, informers and whores. Nevertheless, most of the Jews and many of the Gentiles were extraordinarily courageous and there emerges from this book a deep respect for mankind when the inhumanity of man is so vividly drawn.

Much of the material here already has appeared piecemeal in novels, short stories and

scholarly works. What makes this book so unusual is that it presents the authentic raw material on which the other works are based. We know that the Jews in the ghetto created an intensive cultural life; that they managed to live as human beings while being treated as beasts; that in the midst of death there was a tremendous urge to live. Mixed with the cruelty, the murdering, the stealing, the sadism, the sexuality, there abounds a love for man by other men. Ringelblum tells us of the idealism of the young Jewish boys and girls even when the Germans executed Jews by hundreds of thousands.

About 500,000 Jews were killed by the Germans in less than three years. When the ghetto Jews rose up against their tormentors, the ghetto was destroyed and all there really remains today of the Jewish community are the handful of Jews who escaped, the archives, some works of survivors and Ringelblum's Notes.

One wonders how many people will read so unhappy a tome. But this book had to be published for we must have on the record a detailed and authentic account of what was done to the Jews in Warsaw during one of the most terrible eras in human history.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

Permanent Peace, A Check and Balance Plan, by Tom Slick. 181 pp. \$2.95.

"This book," the author states in his Preface, "was written for one purpose—to further . . . the prevention of war and the attainment of peace." Modestly he states that its contents make little pretension of basic originality, with one important exception—the idea of a system of checks and balances. Without it, Slick feels that all plans which so far have been suggested must fall short of their purpose. A workable plan must be so perfect that it will function, no matter what the strength or the sincerity of any participant may be.

The author discusses the measures which have heretofore been recommended or put into force, and which come under the heading "Peace-Approaches." These include bringing the armament of the United States to such strength that it will defeat attacks by any nations or combination of nations, isolationism, a preventive war, peace by mu-

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tual terror, and undermining enemy morale by propaganda and subservise activity.

Next we read of those steps which come under the heading "Cooperative Defense." These include regional alliances, a world government, balance of power, co-existence, disarmament, and the United Nations.

After pointing out the weaknesses of these various schemes, the author develops his own plan. He wishes to create an International Police Force by assessing each country ten per cent of its armed forces; in an emergency all or part of the next forty per cent may be called upon to augment this, while fifty per cent will remain under national controls. This International Police would have the exclusive use of nuclear and other "prohibited" weapons.

Limited action of this Police Force could be taken by the commander-in-chief with a minimum of authorization when threatening aggression must be prevented without loss of time; but otherwise this action would have to be approved by a majority vote of a Standing Peace Committee. Should the two contesting nations refuse to submit to arbitration and launch a war, the Chief of the Police would recommend military police action in favor of the attacked party, but the Security Council of the United Nations could countermand his decision if it disagreed with his judgment. Should the aggressor persist, the Security Council would declare that an international emergency exists, authorize full use of the Police Force, and call up the reserve forces of the forty per cent. If the conflagration then threatened to spread into a world war and two-thirds of the Security Council, plus two-thirds of the General Assembly of the United Nations, should approve, nuclear and other "prohibited" weapons would be employed to defeat the aggressor. Mr. Slick then expands his ideas to include many auxiliary features, such as proper inspection, ultimate disarmament, and desirable changes in the United Nations charter.

The author packs a great many provocative thoughts into this slim volume; but he might have presented them more attractively if he had abstained from unnecessary repetition and the frequent use of parenthetical sentences. On the other hand, his thinking is clear and logical, and he does not claim

the millenium for his plan; rather he submits it as a subject for general discussion, which it richly deserves, because it certainly is not just another scheme for bringing universal peace to earth by wishful thinking and half-baked theories.

OTTO EISENSCHIML

A Moderate Speaks, by Brooks Hays. University of North Carolina Press. 231 pp. \$3.50.

"What's happening in Little Rock?" was the number one question put to this reviewer everywhere across Europe and all through Africa when he travelled there in 1958. For decades to come Little Rock will surely stand as a tragic symbol of America's shame before the world. How ironic that Little Rock, USA and Sputnik, USSR should both bear the same date-line!

Since 1943 one of the "men in the middle" of the Federal-State race-relations controversy has been Congressman Brooks Hays of Arkansas. A life-long "Southern moderate," an experienced social worker, and currently the President of the 30,000-church Baptist Southern Convention, Mr. Hays here presents a candid day-by-day, behind-the-news account of what really happened at Little Rock—and long before. More than that, he sets forth a documented account of his whole political career vis-a-vis race relations and government policy during the past fifteen years.

This book reveals Brooks Hays as indeed a "moderate"—confused sometimes, deeply troubled often, sincere always. Whether debating compulsory FEPC, drafting Democratic Party convention planks on civil rights, or arranging the famous Newport conference between President Eisenhower and Governor Faubus, Hays has always deliberately sought the role and function of mediator. Throughout his political career he tried to stand stalwart for these basic and sometimes conflicting propositions in human relations: (1) conciliation rather than compulsion in race relations, (2) state and local community self-determination rather than Federal or State intervention, (3) the supremacy of law over violence, (4) the right of all persons to essential human dignity unfettered by legal segregation.

This account of his efforts to hold simul-

taneously to all of these principles reveals vividly the lonely status of any person who seeks to be a "bridge of understanding" between conflicting and more extreme positions. Often denounced by both sides, Hays still maintains a guarded conviction that the whole desegregation problem will somehow be solved by the educative efforts of religious and other community good-will groups.

In this candid, revealing story the author searches his own soul and at last somewhat sadly concludes that "it is time for patience on the part of all concerned. . . . This is not to suggest that justice and truth are found in the golden mean and that the extremists are always wrong. Truth is sometimes an extreme partisan. Justice often lays a heavy burden upon its reluctant devotees."

He then pleads for mutual acceptance of three operating principles described as the American idea that the Constitutional rights of all children must be recognized and enforced; the Jeffersonian idea that the determination of school policies to achieve a non-violent application of those rights must rest largely on the local communities; and the Christian idea that those who work for equality and justice must maintain a tireless devotion to these ideals and an attitude of love and patience toward all men. Such acceptance, he believes, can permit the gradual removal of legal discriminations which, in turn, "would permit the natural separation that would occur without psychological damage to the Negro."

Brooks Hays, defeated for re-election to Congress because of his Little Rock stand, will not be silenced now. Perhaps his voice and his pen may yet serve to rally into civic sanity those thousands of moderates in every southern state who are today still mute.

EDWARD G. OLSEN

Catalogue of Hebrew Manuscripts Preserved in the USSR, obtained (on microfilm) by Abraham I. Katsh. Issued by the New York University Library of Judaica and Hebraica. Part I (1957), 67 pp. \$5.00. Part II (1958). 149 pp. \$50.00.

On grants from the Rockefeller Foundation and the American Council of Learned Societies, Professor Katsh visited Soviet Russia in the summers of 1956 and 1958 to microfilm the collections of Hebrew manu-

scripts in Russian libraries. Part I of the catalogue of manuscripts contains a description of 159 manuscripts with illustrations and indexes. Part II contains reproductions of 335 fragments of the Antonin Collection and 88 facsimiles of the famous Biblical Codex B19a. It is the oldest manuscript of the whole Bible, dating from the year 1008, and from it was printed the latest scholarly edition of the Bible, the Kittel-Kahle Bible.

In spite of the belatedness of modern Jewish scholarship in Russia, a small group of scholars succeeded in making Russian libraries rich depositories of Hebrew manuscripts. Four of these scholars were particularly outstanding:

1. A Russian Archimandrite of Jerusalem named Antonin, of the second half of the nineteenth century, collected 1,200 manuscripts and fragments from the famous Genizah in Cairo, Egypt, and donated them to the then Imperial Public Library of St. Petersburg, now the Public Library of Leningrad.

2. The controversial Karaite scholar, Abraham Firkowitsch (1785-1874), succeeded in bringing together the largest collection of Hebrew, Samaritan, and Karaite manuscripts in the world. His collections are housed in the Public Library of Leningrad. The Second Firkowitsch Collection (1876) alone contains more than 6,000 manuscripts.

3. Baron David Guenzburg (1857-1910), Orientalist and Hebrew scholar and a patron of Jewish art and letters, possessed one of the largest private libraries in Europe. It contained more than 1,000 Hebrew manuscripts. The Guenzburg Library was bought for the Hebrew University in Jerusalem but was confiscated by the Russian government and is now housed in the Lenin Library in Moscow.

4. Moses A. L. Friedland (1826-1899), a Jewish philanthropist and bibliophile of St. Petersburg, donated his library to the Asiatic Museum of the Imperial Academy of Science, today the Oriental Institute of the Academy of Science in Leningrad.

After the Revolution of 1917 many collections of private scholars, as well as the libraries of liquidated Jewish cultural institutions, were confiscated and absorbed by the huge public libraries in Moscow and Leningrad. All together, between 15,000 and

20,000 Hebrew manuscripts are today stored in Russian libraries. They represent all branches of Jewish literary and spiritual creativity through the ages: biblical texts, old and medieval versions of the Bible, Aramaic and Judaeo-Arabic commentaries on the Bible, commentaries on the Talmud, Geonic literature, Liturgy, medieval Hebrew literature, Hebrew lexicography, Responsa, Karaite literature, mysticism, Hassidism, etc. However, for about four decades these manuscripts were inaccessible to Jewish scholars and Jewish scholarly research in the West. Western scholars were not familiar with the inventory of these collections. Individual scholars from the West occasionally visited Russian libraries for purposes of research, but no attempt was made until recently to acquaint the West with these priceless treasures. With the exception of a catalogue of the biblical manuscripts of the First Firkowitsch Collection, no printed catalogues of these collections have been available. The scholarly world is interested in getting access to the Hebrew manuscripts hidden in the Russian libraries, and, first of all, it is interested in an inventory of these collections. It therefore owes a debt of gratitude to Professor Katsh for his pioneering undertaking.

JUDAH M. ROSENTHAL

The Place of Understanding, by Jacob J. Weinstein. Bloch Publishing Company. 181 pp. \$3.00.

Preachers who buy this book to steal a sermon or two will be cheated. You cannot preach one of Jacob Weinstein's sermons; they are too obviously his own. That this book is not crudely "useful" is praise indeed. And a reviewer, as Rosenzweig remarked, cannot judge a book against the one he would like to write, but as the offering of a real man to needy amateurs. This, then, is a noble and personal book in tribute to a greater one, and to the people who require both.

The Bible may be read on three interpenetrating levels: It is a human book. It is a human confrontation of the divine. It records the divine confrontation of the human. Two of these Rabbi Weinstein has uniquely illumined.

In *The Place of Understanding* the Hu-

mosh shows forth all its authentic humanity. Joseph is distinctly seen as a twentieth century corporation or country's vice-president. The problem of sacrifice recalls the meaning not only of the Temple but of the Stock Yards which also "gave man a respect for anything with the blood of life in it." Moses is not only a man, but "a man [who] must often allow himself to be consumed by the symbols which have become attached to him."

In a style at once "folk" in the Yiddish tradition, and colloquial as the best American English, Rabbi Weinstein gives old words new vibrancy. He translates "Jeshurun" who waxed fat by the neologism "righteousnick." Without a trace of vulgarity, he transcends that antiquarian "Jewish science" which made Scriptures seem older than Hammurabi. He offers us a modern Midrash: modern in its terminology and in its problematic, Midrashic in its turning again and again to the source of both question and response. His wrestling with Sigmund Freud, one of the great students of the Hebrew scripture, can be found on every page. He does not call up the master of human motives to attack or to accept, but to confront. And here too are Thomas Mann and Maurice Samuel, modern expositors for this modern Rabbi. If we miss equal attention to the Malbim and to Rashi, we must admire an honesty which will not strike a medieval pose to retroject a contemporary mood. This is not an anthology—except of the moods and musings of a single, gifted, contemporary Jew.

Real men do really confront God here. They find their alienation and their fear constrained. They find "the gracious confidence that man is rooted in earth and sky, an indispensable part of an eternal, on-going glory." They find a covenant of obligation which ennobles as it sears. We all see ourselves as inheritors of passionate attachment to the world and its Creator, "sweating out" the meaning of our dialogue. "We walk humbly with God, but we can't help being conscious of the very high company we keep."

This we learn not in sermons but from a kind of literary re-capitulation of life. The words we read are enormously more vivid because of the one who writes them. Rabbi

Weinstein's life is *haskomo* for his wisdom. "The new liberalism" of which he writes is found not only in his book but in his community—one which aspires more nobly because he has been its teacher.

Only in the most subtle and transcendent meanings of the Torah does our author falter. His God who comes dressed as "unseen reality," "that magical, magnetic projection," remains too abstract to match the man He made. We cannot agree that "even if God were only a projection that would be enough." A contrary-to-fact construction is not a substitute for the concreteness of theology.

So when we come to the Name of God, it seems to Rabbi Weinstein "vague, general, mouth-filling, yet strangely profound." The wrestling of Jacob, his proper namesake, does not discover to him the over-againstness of Deity, or he could not have written: "The only God we can verbalize is the God created in our image and projected by the power of our mind."

This unwillingness to read all the Bible has to say leads him to some timely but too time-bound identifications. Moses is not just Lincoln, nor Pharaoh Nasser, nor the Macabees the army of Israel. The Bible which is existentially our contemporary is also unique, and, of necessity, was once-and-for-all. It cannot permit us to use its categories even for our noblest causes, for it is the very judge and the interpreter of these. The voice of Jacob Weinstein is a prophetic voice but sometimes more absolute and less paradoxical than prophecy requires. Holiness is not hedging, but the deeper meaning of that "Mosaic realism" which to him seems as authentic as common sense. It discloses the pattern of revelation immanent in the biblical story.

One who loves the Bible will love this book. One who loves this book may, with the grace of God, as well as the gracefulness of Rabbi Weinstein, come to love the Bible, too.

ARNOLD JACOB WOLF

America as a Civilization, by Max Lerner. Simon & Schuster. 1036 pp. \$10.00.

America as a Civilization is a tremendous achievement—encyclopedic in range, incisive and perceptive in evaluation, impressive in

structure, unflagging in style. Its subject is "life and thought in the United States today." To write a comprehensive book on this vast topic was an ambitious undertaking; it is an ambitious project even to read. But so well has Lerner succeeded that hardly any praise can be too high, nor is any part of the time it takes to read the book ill spent. At a price less than a cent a page, *America as a Civilization* is the book bargain of the decade. Between its two covers, it offers a liberal education in our national society and, for Americans, is self-knowledge.

Lerner modestly says, "To a great degree this book is a collaborative work, and belongs not to me but to the collective of American scholarship." He says this because he sought material and criticism from many a friend and stranger, as "in a work of this scope no man's scholarship, even were he to spend a lifetime on it, could adequately cover every area treated." This has been truly and graciously said, but the finished book is all of a piece. It has no smell of the lamp or of the paste pot, but proceeds with constant wit and gusto, and from an integrated point of view. This last characteristic is Lerner's own, of course, and not all his readers will share it throughout. But all can be glad that he wrote in his own person, as a man with his own views and values, and not like a conventional reference work.

Lerner sees America "as a richly pluralistic society," with an open class structure and great mobility. Lerner's representative American feels that he has high opportunities, actively seeks the means of getting ahead, and experiences the insecurity and frustration that are the price of an open society. Lerner makes plain both the lovely and the unlovely aspects of American dynamism. His book is a fine corrective to both complacent and contemptuous prejudices about American life. Almost every conceivable subject appears here—the people and the regions, economics and politics, the periods and cruxes of individual life, religion, the liberal and popular arts, and the country's position in the world.

The discussion of Jews in American life illustrates Lerner's freedom from inhibition or embarrassment. He notes the presence of anti-Semites and the stresses of acquiring self-knowledge within a sub-culture in addi-

tion to the national culture. He observes that few American Jews have chosen to "join the majority"; that this country has yet had no counterpart in politics to a Disraeli or a Mendes-France; and that the national code of sexual morals derives from Jewish law. But for Jews as for others, Lerner feels the main fact about America is its openness. Even the futile reactions of "the backward and primitive elements" testify to the reality of freedom in America.

The country's preoccupation with power, money, and status, and its bewilderment with those who do not choose to compete—these bear equally on all alike. That Lerner should acknowledge these traits, account for them, and react to them without despair, anger, or pride is a characteristic exercise of his informed, mature judgment.

ALFRED C. AMES

Magic and Religion, by George B. Vetter. Philosophical Library. 522 pp. \$6.00.

Religions are the target of criticism in this ponderous book written by George B. Vetter. The author is not motivated by special hostility for a specific faith or creed. He loads his gun with buckshot and pulls the trigger for all. Drawing on historical, philosophical, psychological, and scientific sources, he tries to strip from religions "their pretenses of having some special, transcendental character." Unfortunately, his achievement is less than creditable. The text is a hodge-podge of diverse arguments. At times, it reads like a nineteenth century atheistic tract. Again, the author seeks to defend the Jewish people from the canards of anti-Semites. Fortified with a plethora of quotations from many sources, Vetter pyramids his case against religion. To no avail! The book sheds no real light on his avowed purpose.

Occasionally a valuable bit of information creeps into the book. The most exciting portion deals with the psychology of learning and its relationship to the origins of religion.

Vetter's thesis is that everything in which man can claim pride is due to skepticism and empiricism. He feels, too, that "science has caught up . . . with . . . medicine men. It challenges loudly the duality of the spiritual and the material and asserts again that

this is indeed a Universe in which we are functioning, and that thus far no key to its mysteries, other than that of scientific method, is more than the wish-fulfillment phantasy of emotionally infantile individuals."

This is militant atheism possessed by passionate frenzy, or hatred, which is the very attitude Vetter deplores. A better attitude might be a quiet agnosticism. After all, what is the scientific balance sheet of our times? What do we really know about the heart of man? Can science and the scientific attitude alone fight the attrition in moral values in our world? Surely, behind the scientific pre-occupations there must be an agonizing uncertainty about what we are doing with our lives.

Now to the structure of the book itself. The author traces the origins of religion through the channels chartered by anthropology and ethnology. He deals successively with animism, magic, traditional, philosophical, and historical theories of the genesis of religion. There are, among others, chapters on Sex and Religion, The Theory of Religion in Evolution, Belief and Faith, The Religious Experience—Mysticism and Priesthood—The World's Oldest Profession. Some of his contributions have been anticipated in anthropological works that have taken on a classic character. For example, Bronislaw Malinowski's "Magic, Science and Religion" covers some similar ground. Malinowski, however, has virtues Vetter lacks. There is objectivity and there is understanding as well.

Throughout the book, however, the author points up organized religion as a source of pernicious doctrine. For him it is an evil burden which weighs heavily upon the shoulders of innocent men, motivating them to acts of stupidity and cruelty. His therapy for the ills of society demands a single, undeviating approach. "The problems that confront us call for science and more science." He forgets that science, too, rests upon the corpses of many theories and illusions.

Surely no one would defend religions at every turn. Periodically they crushed their adherents under an avalanche of nonsense. From time to time truth-loving and justice-seeking people were alienated by their pre-

tensions. Obscurantism and the maintenance of the status quo had their endorsement. Some of their religious literature is absurd and inadequate. Yet, one does not judge a literature by its worst passages, nor a church or synagogue in its worst moments. Religion can be a volcano too. No one knows when it will erupt with burning lava pouring protest and indignation over the complacent fields of life. It has done so before and can do it again. One judges by the wholesome effects of religious institutions, the poetry they inspired, the art they awakened, and the people to whom they gave strength and courage for life. The record here is far from inconsiderable.

What we are dealing with in this book is the new credulity of our time. It is the credulity of men who believe too much or too little. They alternate between a negation of religious belief and an adulation of scientific method as a cure-all for human problems. They have lost the sense of wonder, of awe, of the sublime and believe that creation is in some way an automatic or mechanical thing. As for man himself, physically and psychologically, they feel he can be atomized into neat units susceptible to complete explanation.

Of course, man is subject to the laws of the world. They dominate his thought and behavior. But beyond his appetites, instincts, and impulses lie moral and spiritual forces as well. Something extra is needed to explain great human deeds, virtues, sacrifices, and martyrdom. There is an element in mystics, saints, and prophets which escapes intelligence. It is not enough for man to have a science, no matter how keen and advanced. It is not enough to know how life evolves and the conditions under which it progresses. What is needed is not so much the story of the evolution of life, important though this information may be, but the value of life. To live or not to live—is it worth the candle? Does our life have meaning or is our existence wasted energy?

These are questions which Vetter ignores when he deprecates religion and the religious institution. There are no more insistent questions in our time or any other.

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The Rediscovery of Man, by Waldo Frank. George Braziller, Inc. 491 pp. \$6.95.

If Waldo Frank had lived in the Polish Pale a century ago, he would most likely have been a notable chassid—if not a chasidic rabbi. He would have fervently clung to God, confident in his piety and unquestioning in his acceptance of the 613 commandments and the reality of the supernatural. A son of the twentieth century, however, he has been torn by the dichotomy between faith and reason. From childhood, drawn to the deep pools of religious mysticism, he has felt the need to probe the essence of the human spirit—the hidden entrance to universal mysteries—and yet to do so within the purview of psychological reality.

A highly gifted writer and earnest thinker, Frank has devoted five years of serious effort to a recapitulation of his intellectual life-work. *The Rediscovery of Man* summarizes eloquently and comprehensively his spiritual odyssey along the highways and by-ways of civilized thought. He tells us that he began as a child with the concept "God is in man," with "man" synonymous with "me." As an adult he became aware that his experiences of love and beauty were but fragments of the image of "God is in me." He comments, "These shifting, waning, recurrent shards of image strengthened the axiom and, producing by means of it, slowly, the abiding image, became the core and course of the present book."

Frank begins with a "spectrograph" of Western man from early times to the present. He writes respectfully of Israel's spiritual striving through the Hebraic era, its growing awareness of "the human consciousness of the cosmos." Christianity he considers as a continuation of the Jewish search for unity with the cosmos, and "the Jewishness of Jesus" is to him self-evident. He identifies cosmic presence as "the professed regulative form of Europe's culture—imperfectly attained when the culture was Christian, imperfectly lost now that the Christian form of knowledge has waned." His review of European art and thought, broad, incisive, provocative, nevertheless stresses the presence or absence of spiritual values. Drawn toward myths and mysteries, he is

influenced by them in his discussion of such contrasting topics as faith versus knowledge, organism versus the organic, science versus mechanics. When he turns to contemporary life in the United States, he writes with caustic ire, finding it "controlled by men of inferior class: bankers, usurers, promoters, makers and merchants of things."

The second part of the book seeks "to define the cosmic presence as psychologically and logically real." The nature of revelation, discussed seriously and at length, is defined as "man's immediate knowledge of his relation with the cosmos." Frank attempts to provide psychologically valid answers to the following questions: "Why is man's relation with the whole of Being a dominant, humanly necessary value? Why is the unconscious existence of this relation not enough? Why is this relation as a value a clarification of man's nature, past and present? a guide to his possible future?" In his exploration of plausible answers he dwells on such topics as relation as knowledge, the dimensions of the self, cosmos and God, and psychology as action. Incidentally, he provides numerous provocative ideas and analyses—for example, why Marxism failed in the West and found acceptance in Russia and China.

Eager to establish the validity of revelation and spiritual striving, Frank provides a methodology for their attainment. He discusses first man's social integration within the community, then the psychological transformation of the individual into a person, and finally a method of inducing revelation. He writes: "We have no image of God, and cannot have: God and cosmos are beyond percept and concept. Our image is of a relationship with God or cosmos: a relationship which is suffusion of perception." To achieve this awareness of God, Frank recommends that the phrase "God is in this self" should "be repeated as often as possible."

For those who have James's "will to believe" and are sympathetic to the mystic's yearnings and aspirations, *The Rediscovery of Man* will make fascinating and persuasive reading. Others will find in the book bright sparks of a highly informed and actively intuitive mind, but hardly a method to induce revelation. Frank's effort to establish

the means to man's salvation, while serious and suggestive, is too greatly influenced by the meandering mysticism of the East to find many followers in the skeptical West.

CHARLES A. MADISON

The Science of Culture: A Study of Man and Civilization, by Leslie A. White. Grove Press. 444 pp. \$1.95.

The main purpose of this book is to place man in scientific perspective against the background of his culture. Two central propositions dominate. First, although a special kind of biological organism, man is subject to the same natural laws that prevail for all forms of life. Second, man's unique possession is his culture. In another sense, however, it is culture which possesses man. As White says, ". . . the culture into which he is born embraces him and conditions his behavior." Man's culture may be conceived of as independent of man, although produced by and through him. Culture may be analyzed for cause-and-effect relationships, and its influence on man's behavior may, at least in part, be calculated. These concepts are scientifically elegant: they are refined and polished tools with which to explore the man-culture relationship.

The chapters are arranged in four divisions: "Science and Symbols," "Man and Culture," "Energy and Civilization," and "Culturology, or, The Science of Culture."

In the first section, White discusses man as a symbol-using animal. Like other biological organisms, man must come to terms with his environment in order to survive. Unlike other animals, however, man has a special ability: the capacity to use symbols—to bestow meaning or value upon the objects of his experience and to communicate these meanings to other human beings through written or spoken language. This capacity is the foundation for culture-building. Upon it, all civilization rests. Because of it, culture is continuous from generation to generation. Without it, all other animals are excluded from the symbolic world of man.

The second and third series of chapters deal with the nature of culture itself—its origin, growth, and properties—and its role in determining man's behavior. Drawing upon many materials and examples, White

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discusses the above topic and the inadequacies of Free Will as a factor explaining man's behavior. There is also a discussion of the related and age-old struggle of man to free himself from the practice of projecting his psyche into the world of nature. This anthropomorphic habit of taking refuge, unwittingly or otherwise, in psychological interpretations of non-psychological, i.e., cultural events, is clearly explained. This reviewer believes the above sections in particular will be most provocative and controversial. As White repeatedly points out, for many who attempt to explain the role of culture, psychological and sociological interpretations are more comfortable—and comforting—than culturological ones. The term "culturology" itself is still new or unknown; by some it is regarded with suspicion or rejected.

The final section deals with culturology as a separate division of knowledge. Readers will find here a rewarding discussion of civilization from the culturological point of view: how culture operates and how it determines man's behavior.

In this book, White has drawn upon the works of many men who have contributed to our understanding of the various aspects of culture and human behavior. There is a useful subject-index, detailed chapter references, and a bibliography. Finally, the writing is admirably clear. Although first published ten years ago under hard cover, this pocket-book volume should be readily available to a wider reading public. In this reviewer's judgment, it ranks with the most significant books of our time.

MAXINE W. GORDON

Letters from Goethe. Translated from the German by Marianne von Herzfeld and C.A.M. Sym. Introduction by W. H. Bruford. Illustrated. Thomas Nelson & Sons. 576 pp. \$10.00.

It is amazing how few Americans who can list some titles of the books Goethe wrote have ever read one of these from cover to cover. This is true despite the fact that all major works and several of the minor ones are available in English translation. I hold responsible for this those nineteenth century American essayists who gave us a totally false picture of Goethe the writer and

Goethe the man and created an image of a fictitious monster that has survived in our century. It took Emerson many years to overcome his dislike for this German "false priest." Eventually he learned to admire his greatness, but even then unconsciously misinterpreted Goethe, bowdlerized him, cut him down to Emersonian dimensions. The American student who has finished the Goethe chapter in *Representative Men* will not be moved to read the German poet, for Emerson dismissed the young, fierce, explosive Goethe as non-essential, concentrating on the stiff, unlovable sage, the reconciler and compromiser, the harmonizer and eschatist.

But those who really take the trouble to read his works know that he never was what many people have believed him to be: a pompous, humorless, serene eclectic, given to a shallow optimism, and shrinking from action. The recent publication of *Letters from Goethe* should do a great deal towards correcting the concept of Goethe as a cold marble bust in the Hall of Fame. Even a skimming of the pages of this volume will reveal Goethe as a dynamic, live, vigorous man—even in old age. Excepting Shakespeare, no other writer knew as well as he the heights and depths of life; no other man except Heine was so strongly, so anti-metaphysically in love with life: "Howe'er life be, it is good."

Like Heine, Goethe was a hedonist in the noblest sense of the word. He was convinced that the emancipation of mankind could not be achieved until each individual was made free to enjoy the beauty of life. Hence his emphasis on "Persoenlichkeit," the greatest accomplishment of man; hence his utterance, "Der Zweck des Lebens ist das Leben selbst" (The purpose of life is life itself). And like the great men of all ages, Goethe was essentially a skeptic, devoid of any dogmatism. Piercing the fallacies of radical determinism and the errors of the opposing Free-Will philosophy, he showed us a path between these extremes:

"Our life, like the great whole in which we are contained, is made up in some incomprehensible manner of both freedom and necessity."

In the private letters, presented here for the first time in an English translation—

save for numerous short excerpts included in Ludwig Lewisohn's anthology, *Goethe: The Story of a Man*—can be traced Goethe's careful navigation between the Scylla Freedom and the Charybdis Necessity. The first letter included in this selection was written by the 16-year-old law student; the last one, by the 83-year-old Privy Councilor and Prince of Poets. Only 995 letters out of more than 13,000 that have been preserved are given here, and some of them only in part. But for the layman this is enough—enough at least to destroy the image of a stiffly frozen Goethe (an image that can be traced to the mask assumed by the Olympian to greet the thousands of individuals, from swindlers to crackpots, who came to see him).

Wisely, the translators included samples of all kinds of letters: communications to his family, his women friends (especially the adored Frau von Stein), fellow-writers, fellow-scientists, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Weimar, as well as officials active in the administration of the small principality. Most of the correspondents were Germans (among them the poets Herder and Schiller, the brothers Humboldt, the composer Zelter, and the young musical genius, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy); but some very distinguished foreigners were also privileged to exchange letters with Goethe—among them Madame de Staél, Thomas Carlyle, and J. G. Cogswell, a scientist who was later to become the founder of the Astor Library in New York. Some of the letters cover several printed pages; others consist only of a line or two (for example, the note addressed to the artist and art historian, Heinrich Meyer, whose house had been ransacked by soldiers: "Tell me, my good Meyer, how can I help you? Coat, waistcoat, shirt, etc. I'll send them all gladly. Perhaps you could do with something to eat?").

A book of this sort can have the success it deserves only if one gourmet tells the other about it. Unlike the evanescent novel that makes the front pages of our book-review sections and literary journals, *Letters from Goethe* has received little attention so far. Significantly, it is restrained even in its very make-up—the green dust jacket contains nothing but the title and the names of the excellent translators.

Some of the letters convey a feeling of

Goethe's rich, joyful, and benign personality; others deal mainly with literary, scientific, or political problems. Yet all show the fascinating integrity of Goethe's personality and his reactions to the phenomena of life—productive reactions, ever changing, and yet, basically, always the same. A young Goethe wrote as follows to his friend, Friedrich Jacobi, in 1774:

... the beginning and end of all my writing is to reproduce the world around me; the world within me seizes, combines, re-creates, moulds and presents it all anew, in its own form and manner. God be praised, this remains for ever a mystery, and I have no wish to reveal it to those who gape and gossip.

In his last letter, addressed to Wilhelm von Humboldt, the octogenarian declared:

... The world is ruled to-day by bewilderingly wrong counsel, urging bewildered wrong action. My most important task is to go on developing as much as possible whatever is and remains in me, distilling my own particular abilities again and again. . . .

ALFRED WERNER

Trumbull Park, by Frank London Brown. Henry Regnery Company. 432 pp. \$3.95.

The book depicts the experiences of Negro tenants, and, in particular, describes what happened to Louis Martin, a Negro drill-press operator, his wife Helen, and their two small children upon their admission into Trumbull Park Homes, a housing project built to accommodate hundreds of families who could, on their own incomes, afford no such living quarters by renting from private owners. Trumbull Park Homes were built some seven years ago. A City Housing Authority, which operates these Homes, states in its code that "there should be no racial barriers or discrimination in a home in public housing."

This is a bitter, revolting story of man's inhumanity to man. From the day of its arrival in the new home the Martin family was subjected to cruel persecution from the white tenants and their neighbors in the surrounding dwellings. Visits with fellow-Negroes—there were five or six other such families already on the premises—had to be conducted clandestinely at night. Children, women, and men were molested whenever police were not immediately around. Their homes were constantly broken into, windows smashed, furniture damaged, and access to

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grocery and other stores in the neighborhood was denied. Morning travel to places of employment was impossible unless it was done in police wagons to points outside of Trumbull Park where transfer could be made to other means of transportation without injury to life and limb. Then via the same degrading processes of protection by the police, riding in covered vehicles, the bread-winners would return to their apartments where they would be met by frightened wives and hysterical children. Throughout the night the Negro tenants had to suffer from terrifying noises of incessantly exploding aerial bombs, from rocks thrown at their windows, and from a barrage of insulting epithets and threats of more molestation to come unless they vacated their new homes and went elsewhere.

Martin mentions but one or two white men who, at the peril of their lives, showed their sympathy and solidarity with the persecuted black men. He expatiates at length, however, upon the indifference of the police to the plight of the Negroes. It is his contention that determined officers of the law could have either stopped or cut drastically the innumerable offenses against their fellow-Americans who happened to be born black. There are also intimations in this volume that the campaign to remove Negro tenants from Trumbull Park was an organized venture on the part of evil, wealthy real estate operators determined for reasons of profit to make Trumbull Park solely "a clean" white community.

This is a book that challenges the conscience of any American community. In the six or seven years since Trumbull Park Homes were erected no city-wide aroused public has been heard from in regard to offering aid to several other "Martin" families who still struggle to maintain themselves precariously in that area. True, the persecutions are less frequent and the attacks are but sporadic now, but still of the four hundred and fifty-four dwellings in Trumbull Park only nineteen units are occupied by Negro families.

Brown's book is a powerful one. At times, in spite of some profusion of incidents, dialogues, and swift action, it still reads like a social tract. It is truly a study in "black

and white" and throughout is a revealing commentary on prejudice and intolerance much, too much, in our midst.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

The People of the Dead Sea Scrolls, by John Marco Allegro. Doubleday & Co. 192 pp. \$5.00.

It is difficult to determine the standards by which to review this work. *The People of the Dead Sea Scrolls* is obviously a book designed for the layman. It is not technical and is not even as scholarly nor as comprehensive as Allegro's previous work, *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, published by Pelican Books.

There can be little criticism offered for the last three-quarters of this work, in which photographs with brief comments appear. These photographs present a pictorial survey of the Dead Sea Scroll sect. For the person not acquainted with archaeological research, these photographs present a good introduction of both its scope and intricacies. Even more important, of course, the photographs depict well Qumran, the site of the scroll sect; and, if some imagination is used by the viewer, they also tell a visual story of the lives of the Qumran covenanters.

The difficulty in passing judgment upon this work arises from the textual section (pp. 5-50). Herein, Allegro presents in summary fashion the story of the Qumran sect. The writing is clear and concise; the many references to specific photographs in the latter section make for an even more interesting and illuminating account. Where the exposition deals with the type of food eaten or the type of work done by the people of the sect, Allegro's exposition is best. In such areas much can be explained in brief fashion. It is in the more intellectual areas, however, that the major problem appears: the lack of adequate explanation which leaves the author's conclusions either vague or doubtful. Throughout the text, for instance, Allegro refers to the sects of the Dead Sea Scrolls as Essenes, but he does not indicate sufficiently the great differences that existed between the so-called Essene sects. The term Essene stands out as a much more cogent term than it really is. There is no indication in this book, moreover, that many distinguished

scholars still doubt whether the sect under discussion here was indeed Essenic.

Perhaps, the most glaring example of inadequate explanation occurs in chapter eleven. Therein, Allegro writes: "Certainly the first Jewish Christians fell heir to ideas already believed and customs practiced by the Qumran Essenes . . . Essenism provides the foundation upon which the church was built. The scrolls are the source books out of which the New Testament emerged." We have known for some time that similarities existed between ideas held and customs practiced by so-called Jewish Christians and all the other Jews of whom the Qumran covenanters were a part. Such is to be expected; the ancestry and general culture of both groups were the same.

Dissimilarities also existed between the two groups, and Allegro neglects mentioning the specific dissimilarities between early Christianity and Qumran thought and practice. The statement that Essenism provides the foundation for the Christian Church, therefore, is misleading in two respects. First, the definition of Essene is not made clear. Secondly, the idea that the whole of Judaism provides much of the foundation of the early church is lacking. Finally, to argue that the scrolls constitute the source books of the New Testament is, on the one hand, to exaggerate the scrolls' specific importance within the framework of other Jewish biblical and non-biblical literature, and, on the other, to deny God's new revelation in the New Testament as a source. The latter is a matter of faith, and the Dead Sea Scrolls certainly do not prove nor disprove such a faith. Had the author explained in more detail many of his statements, the above criticisms might have been nullified.

NORTON MEZVINSKY

The New Poets of England and America, edited by Donald Hall, Robert Pack, and Louis Simpson. Meridian Books. 351 pp. \$1.45.

This collection is at least as interesting for what it is not as for what it is. It is new only in the sense that the poets represented are young (average age under thirty-five), many of them anthologized here for the first time. Many of them are younger than the poets usually taken as representative of the

younger set—the San Francisco group, the beat generation bunch, the sex-and-money shockers, etc. But they are as old as poetry itself in the impulses that give voice to their song. They do not intend to shock, as any avant garde intends to do. When they do, it is because of startling, brilliant, or evocative expressions of thoughts not especially startling or even new in themselves.

Some of the names will be familiar to frequent readers of poetry—Kingsley Amis, Donald Davie, Donald Hall, Robert Lowell, Louis Simpson, Richard Wilbur, James Wright—but perhaps most of the fifty-two will be read for the first time in this collection. These remarks will be limited to a few who may be of the greatest interest here.

In the five poems of Donald Finkel, there is a curious mixture of delicate rhythms and harsh sounds. This gives a very effective irony to support the themes treated, especially in "Hunting Song" where a rollicking motion is expressive of death. These pieces suggest a young man's scorn for traditional thoughts and forms, and yet they represent, more essentially, reliance on, even reverence for, tradition.

Howard Moss seems principally concerned with the end of things, in which he always finds at least the suggestion of new beginnings. Sometimes very impressive, even ponderous, in thought, he gropes for ways to express himself. In "A Summer Gone," he comes closest to that desire with a pleasant use of rhyme and assonance, of vivid images and evocative questions—invitations to the reader, they would seem, to project and identify himself.

One of the best known of the poets represented is Howard Nemerov. It is unfortunate that the selections of his verse appear to have been chosen with an eye toward his cleverness with words only. Exceptions are "A Fable of the War" and "The Lives of Gulls and Children," which demonstrate some of the vital things that bother and excite him and his age (and us).

Robert Pack, the young Dartmouth graduate who is one of the editors and whose *Irony of Joy* appeared as part of Volume II of Scribners' Poets of Today, is represented here by six poems. Pack is at his best when writing in conventional forms and has a fine gift for terza rima. Very good in itself, his

poetry has the added quality of representing his generation, intensely personal though it is. "What has become of our astonishment. For simple things: colors, sounds, the hour of day?" he asks, and his poetry and that of his contemporaries answer that that quality of wonderment is still very much with us.

This auspicious anthology is proof that sound, healthy poetry is being written. The fact is that there is much more like it than there is of the highly publicized, outré recherché poets. The latter are by no means typical of our time, and such fine evidence as this to the contrary deserves appreciation and frequent airing.

NEIL D. ISAACS

The Exiled and the Redeemed, by Itzhak Ben-Zvi. Jewish Publication Society. 334 pp. \$4.00.

Unlike the plethoric spate of surveys and epitomes on the growth and realization of Israel, this book dwells not on the political framework, but on the ethnic composition of Israel. The point of view also is refreshingly different: it looks, as ancient Greece did, toward the East, and it brings under critical discussion those tribal communities of disparate idiom and mores, dress and color and outlook that, like their occidental coreligionists from a different direction, marched into their new homeland from the East.

These are the redeemed returning, but not like prodigals, to their birthland, according to the author, who is also the President of Israel. Along with these communities stand the exiled, or those who have partly abandoned their historical identity, virtually "the lost tribes." These two differing, but basically homogeneous, groups form the subject of this ethnological and historical panoramic *conspicuum*. The author, fortified by historical evidence, tradition, and religious and racial confirmations, as well as by the apparatus of modern sociological scholarship, reports of travels and personal investigations, merges his informational material and his collations and interpretations into a design that constitutes a new kind of synthesis of statehood and symbolizes the faculty of survival of the Jewish people, their ethnic fusion. In the author's words,

Israel today presents a kaleidoscope of this most variegated Jewish communal amalgam. For the communities thus transplanted into our State continue to observe their time-honored characteristic practices and traditions.

Here, then, is all Israel, gathered from remote Asian "medinas," from obscure coastal regions, from mountainous isolation, from the crumbling cities of the antique world, from "the desert and the sown." The author has probed into the origins and ways of these sects and clans and their Hebraic contacts and traditions, including the Jewish sectaries, the sparse urban groups in the Asian hinterland, and the Jewish vestiges and survivals found among the Moslems.

Some of the matter of this book had already come into public view and knowledge—for example, the mountain Jews of Caucasus, the Falashas of Ethiopia, the Karaites, and the Marranos of Meshed have been the subject of investigation and occasional monographs. But here Ben-Zvi has generously presented all the heterogeneous conglomeration of Jews and half-Jews, of forgotten tribes and assimilated sects, from early historical times through Moslem intrusions down to the present.

The subject is ethnologically provocative by its very variousness. For, embracing the Sabbateans of Salonika, the Khaibar Jews, the Samaritans and the Afghans, and Bukharan Jewry and the Krimchaks, it expands the horizons of the concept of Judaism as a religious and ethnic reality. It links the ancient past with the still only semi-known present, and it makes Israel the Judaic home in the most spacious, most historical, most convincing sense.

Implementation of this fascinating study is due to the author, who established the Ben-Zvi Institute of the Hebrew University, whose "specific object is to foster the study of Jewish communities in the Orient and round the Mediterranean basin."

The book has been completely translated from the original Hebrew by Isaac A. Abbadly. It has already appeared in French and Spanish versions, and in this English rendering it is introduced warmly by Herman Wouk. Of particular appeal to the present reviewer are the sections, all too brief, on the Khazars, Dahyah al-Kahina, and the Afghans. The entire volume, however, in its cumulative completeness, forms a scholarly,

readable, and sorely needed contribution to the demographic dispersal of Jewry and to the final in-gathering of its exiles.

A few strictures are now in order. Dahyah al-Kahina, the Jewish Berber Queen, is of course claimed by Moslems as well. In connection with the Jews of Meshed, Vambéry's visit would have been appropriate. For the Hebraic tradition of the Afghans, Bellew and, more recently, Sykes contain pertinent matter. Where are the Beni-Israel? And where are the monumental studies of Dr. Finkelstein and Moses Gaster on the Samaritans?

HARRY E. WEDECK



Two Polish Jews

WALTER A. SINZ

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

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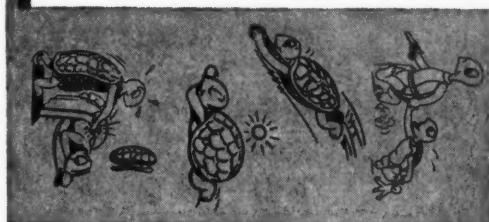
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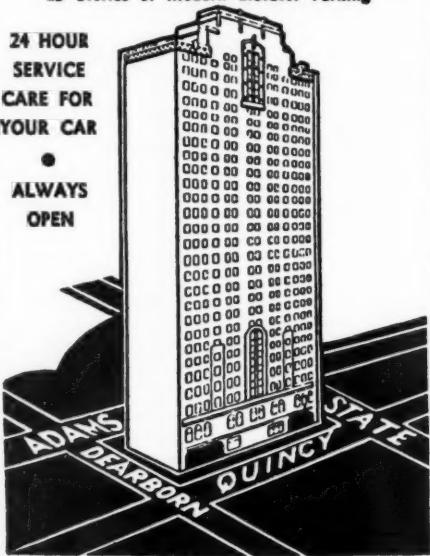
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